

# DAV ZEISBE



by  
L.H. Sö

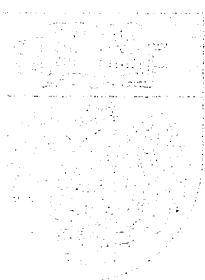
# DAVID BERGER



*by*  
**H. SCHUH**

# Constitution of the State

Article I



Miss M. Zapp.



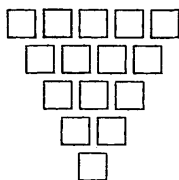
**DAVID ZEISBERGER**

From a Portrait Printed at the Age of Forty.

# DAVID ZEISBERGER

*The*  
**Moravian Missionary**  
*To The*  
**American Indians**

*By*  
**H. J. SCHUH, D. D.**



THE BOOK CONCERN  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

BV2779  
.Z3S3

MADE IN U. S.



16

## INTRODUCTION

We Americans delight in calling our land "God's country." And indeed it deserves the name. Kind Providence has lavishly blessed us in material things. We have a fertile soil, inexhaustible mines, extensive forests, great lakes and magnificent rivers. Our land is covered with wonderful cities and beautiful farms. It is traversed by great railroads. Our rivers, lakes and harbors are covered with steamships for passenger and freight transportation. We have beaten the world in automobile travel and the very air has gotten to be an avenue of commerce. Yes, this is a wonderful country in which a man's heart beat can be heard 2500 miles.

It seems almost like a dream that all this vast domain, but a few hundred years ago, was one great wilderness. What is now a beehive of industry supporting a population of 110,000,000 was the undisputed home of ferocious beasts and savage men.



The North American Indian roamed through the primeval forests and over the endless plains of this new world. Where he came from and how he ever reached this continent, from the primeval home of the human race in central Asia, is one of the unsolved problems of history. But no matter who he is and where he came from, he was included in the Savior's great command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16, 15.

The Indian has almost vanished from the land, the land which was the undisputed home of his ancestors for centuries. He has retreated before the march of civilization and given place to the white race, until there are only straggling remnants left on the Indian reservations of the land which once belonged to him. When the white man came to the new world he should have recognized it as his first duty to bring to the aborigines the message of the Gospel. Here was a wonderful opportunity for mission work.

But, sad to say, most of the nominally christian white pioneers of this country were not actuated by a missionary spirit. They were led to the new world by other motives than that of bringing the message of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ to those who were living in spiritual darkness and the shadow of death. It was mostly greed for gold or the desire to enjoy civil and political liberty which prompted these adventurers to brave the dangers of the deep and the privations of a new world. It was the hunger for land which led them to cast their lot in the wilderness. Here was virgin soil for the missionary and what a harvest might have been reaped with proper cultivation! But the greed of the new-comers which led them to use their superior wisdom and more destructive weapons for their own aggrandizement filled the hearts of the Indian with suspicion, hatred and revenge. An inferior race stood no chance in the struggle for existence with those who

enjoyed the fruits of christian civilization but lacked the spirit of the Gospel. How different might have been the result if the moving spirit of the colonization schemes of the old world had been that of love and pity for those who in spite of their degradation were still proper subjects for the uplifting power of the Gospel. Although representatives of nominally christian nations, the early settlers of this country did not consider it their chief duty to save a perishing race by bringing them the bread of life.

And yet there were notable exceptions to this general rule. Early in the settlement of America there were men who recognized their duty to bring to the benighted Indians the blessings of the Gospel. There was John Elliot who in 1632 came to Roxbury, Mass., and shortly after began to preach to the Indians in his neighborhood. For nearly forty years he continued his efforts to convert the Indians to Christianity. And his efforts were not without some de-

gree of success. At one time the number of converts under his care had increased to 1100. He lived long enough to see twenty-four Indians ordained to the Gospel ministry. He translated the Bible into the language of the aborigines and this was the first Bible printed in the New World. "It is the grandest monument of early American scholarship and Evangelism." At the end of the Indian grammar which he wrote are inscribed the memorable words: "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." He was a man of apostolic zeal in the spread of the Gospel.

Then there were David Brainerd and Experiance Mahew who also labored among the Indians of New England and brought many to a knowledge of the blessed Gospel of Christ. All such men deserve to be remembered for their self-sacrificing zeal on behalf of the Indians, especially when you consider the fact that they carried on their labors in the face of

the bitterest opposition, not simply on the part of the Indians whom they were trying to save, but on the part of the whites who believed the blessings of the Gospel were never intended for the aborigines of America and that there were no good Indians except the dead Indians. They put the Indians on the same level with the Canaanites of old whom the Israelites were expressly commanded to exterminate. So they considered it their duty not to convert but to kill the Indians. All the more must we admire the missionary courage and zeal of these men who worked at their task under fearful odds. They stand out as shining lights in an age of spiritual darkness and misconception of the task of the Church over against a perishing world.

But the man who outstrips them all as a messenger of peace to the savages of the New World is the hero of our story, DAVID ZEISBERGER. He well deserves to be called the Apostle of the North Ameri-

can Indian. What Elliot and Brainerd and Mahew did in New England, Zeisberger did in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Canada. But his efforts extended over a vastly greater territory and reached much greater proportions than those of his predecessors. It is surprising that a man who played such an important part in the early history of this country, especially in that of the wilderness west of the Allegheny mountains, should be so little known among the christian people of today. He was one of America's real heroes.

Most of my young readers have perhaps read Indian stories. You have admired such heroes as Daniel Boone, Anthony Wayne and General Custer. But let me tell you the story of an Indian fighter who went after the redskins not with rifle and hunting knife, but with the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, and conquered them not by force and stratagem but by the power of christian love, than

which there is nothing more powerful in the world. The hero of our story labored longer and traveled farther than perhaps any other man who ever devoted his life to the service of the Gospel among the Indians of North America. He well deserves a place among the heroes of missions. He was a pioneer of christian civilization in the wilds of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and planted the standards of the cross in the unbroken wilderness west of the Alleghenies. Not many of our textbooks on American history make mention of him. He was too modest a man to push himself into public notice and yet he deserves to be classed among the great men of the Lord's kingdom, a hero of the cross, a man who for courage, endurance and conscientious devotion to duty, childlike faith and real piety has had few equals.

The facts in the following narrative are principally drawn from the following sources: 1. "The

Life and times of David Zeisberger." By Edmund DeSchweinitz, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1871. (Quotations from this work we mark De S.) 2. "A narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians." By John Heckewaelder, Philadelphia, published by M'Carthy and Evans, 1820. (Quotations from this work are marked H.) 3. "Diary of David Zeisberger," translated from the original German manuscript and edited by Eugene F. Bliss," two volumes, Cincinnati, O. Robert Clarke and Co., 1885. (Quotations from this work are marked "Zeisberger's Diary.")



## CHAPTER I.

### IN THE FATHERLAND

You will have to go back with me in the history of the world about two hundred years. At the source of the Oder river in the middle Carpathian mountains of Moravia, a province of the erstwhile Austro-Hungarian empire, there lies a little village called Zauchtenthal, which enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of David Zeisberger, one of the greatest missionaries of modern times. He was born April 11th, 1721. It was Good Friday, the day of the Savior's death, and he was, in the providence of God, destined to be a herald of the cross to bring the blessings of the Lord's vicarious death to thousands of poor, benighted heathen. Being now by the death of his Son reconciled to man, God did through this his servant beseech many to become reconciled to him. Being born on Good Friday his whole life was

spent under the shadow of the cross. The awful mystery and the blessed results of the death of Christ became the burden of his preaching.

His ancestors belonged to that sturdy race of Protestants who, under the leadership of John Huss, one hundred years before the days of Luther, raised their voices in solemn protest against the errors and abuses of the Roman Catholic church, and, in consequence, endured the most relentless persecution. A remnant survived and now form the Moravian church, or the United Brethren. This church has from its very inception been remarkable for its activity on the field of foreign missions, furnishing more missionaries in proportion to its membership than any other church in Christendom. Driven by bitter persecution a few of these Moravian Christians found an asylum on the estate of Count Nicholas Louis von Zinzendorf in Saxony, Germany. When David was but five years old his parents sacri-

ficed their earthly possessions and, in search of religious liberty, fled to the village of Herrnhut, where, at the invitation of Count von Zinzendorf, a Moravian village had been founded.

But even here the weary pilgrims found no abiding place. The little colony fell under the suspicion of the government and began to look elsewhere for a place of refuge. In 1732 General Oglethorpe founded the colony of Georgia in the new world. It was to be an asylum for the oppressed of every nation and to these belonged the Moravians. Accepting the invitation thus offered, a little company of them settled on a tract of 500 acres of land on the Ogeeche river near the present city of Savannah. Among these refugees were David and Rosina Zeisberger, the parents of the great missionary. But when they left the fatherland they could not make up their minds to take their boy with them. They were going as pioneers of christian civilization to

the new world. But they knew that the educational advantages which the wilderness could offer would necessarily be very meagre and therefore, though with heavy hearts, left their boy behind where he would enjoy the blessings of a christian schooling. Meanwhile Count von Zinzendorf had established another Moravian colony in Herrendyk in Holland near the city of Utrecht, in the barony of Yesselstein. At the age of fifteen David was transferred to this colony and employed as an errand boy. At school he had shown a remarkable aptitude for languages which afterwards was of such great advantage to him as missionary when thrown among savages who had neither alphabet, grammar nor lexicon.

At Herrendyk he was under very strenuous supervision. The discipline to which he was subjected was almost tyrannical. He was mercilessly beaten when innocent and his whole nature began to revolt

against such unjust treatment. On one occasion a stranger came through the village and asked for a guide to show him the way to Yesselstein. David was sent on this errand. The stranger became very much interested in the intelligent lad and, at parting, gave him a gold coin. David had been forbidden to take presents and at first refused to accept the gift, but the stranger pressed the money into his hand and went his way. Now David was in a quandary. To come home with such a gift would place him under suspicion and bring on him the charge of disobedience. So he concluded to keep one-half of the money and turn over the other half to his superiors. But no sooner had he done this than he was accused of having stolen the money. He was taken back to Yesselstein to see whether his story could be corroborated; but the stranger had left and he returned without having established his innocence. He was now under suspicion of being a liar and a

thief. His whole soul revolted against such unjust treatment and he made up his mind that he would stand it no longer. In company with a young friend, John Michael Schober, he made his escape and found his way to London. Here he called on General Ogelthorpe and made known his intention of joining his parents in the new world. The General received him kindly and provided for his passage. It was a long and dangerous journey, and the dangers were not all of a physical character, as he himself states in the following words: "From the day I left the brethren in Holland to the day of my arrival in Georgia, the Lord graciously preserved me from all harm, in body and in soul. I was in great danger of being seduced to gross wickedness; but the Lord held his hand over me. At the time I never realized this danger. Subsequently, however, it became plain to me, and I have often thanked my Savior for his protection. Upon the whole, I see the finger of God in

all that occurred; hence I can the more readily forgive the brethren in Holland the injustice which I suffered at their hands. Indeed, I have forgiven them from my heart." (De S., Page 20.)

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE NEW WORLD

The Lord, in his wisdom, has all kinds of ways for putting a man where he belongs and where he can use him to best advantage in the work of his kingdom. Zeisberger ran away from tyranny and abuse and the Lord directed his steps to the land in which he had mapped out a real life-work for his chosen servant. He longed for liberty and was led into the company of those who were under the iron heel of the worst kind of oppression to proclaim "Liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isa. 61.1. He seemed to be choosing his own way in life and yet was all the while being guided by the unseen hand of divine Providence. Here was an illustration of the truth of the proverb: "Man proposes and God disposes." His future seemed to be dark and forbidding and yet he was to



be a light-bearer to those who sat in darkness and under the shadow of death. He left the old world, not knowing what was to become of him, but God used him to bear the torch of the Gospel into the wilds of America. Christ was to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles" and every true Christian should be a lightbearer, a candlestick, a torch to carry the light of truth into the dark places of the earth. Zeisberger left Europe, poor in worldly goods, but he was destined to bring the incalculable treasures of the Gospel to those who suffered not only from bodily but from spiritual poverty. Himself poor, yet he was to make many rich. He was called David, and, like David of old, he was sent into the new world to fight the battles of the Lord. He was on principle opposed to all war and yet carried on a relentless warfare against the powers of evil, fighting the good fight of faith as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, being clad with the whole armor of God and wielding the

spiritual weapons of the Word of God and prayer.

After a long and tiresome journey across the Atlantic he arrived at the Moravian settlement near the site of the present city of Savannah, Georgia. His parents scarcely recognized him. When they bade adieu to their boy at Herrenhut in Saxony he was about five years old, now he was a youth of a little over sixteen. Communication in those days, between the old and the new world, was very limited and in these eleven years they may have seldom heard from their son. They had left him, as they supposed, under the care of good christian people and little imagined that he would be compelled to endure such hardships. But, knowing him to be in the hands of their dear Father in Heaven, why should they worry? But we can well imagine how the anxious soul of a father and the tender heart of a mother wondered how things were going with their child. Imagine their surprise when their erstwhile

little boy stood before them in the vigor and bloom of young manhood. Eleven years had made a wonderful change in the lad. How happy they must have been to welcome him once more to their hearts and home. And how happy he must have been to again be in the company of father and mother. Their home must have been a very humble cabin, but father and mother were there, and where they are there is home. "Be it never so humble, there is no place like home."

Here in the new settlement of the Moravians Zeisberger was to get his first lessons in pioneer life. Destined to be a pioneer of christian civilization he here learned what it meant to clear the forests, drain the swamps and convert the wilderness into gardens and farms. It was a new world to which he was introduced. The comforts of a good home were exchanged for the hardships of the cabin and the dangers of the forest. But he was no coward. In-

trepid and resolute, he was not afraid to face danger. He had never been used to a life of idleness and welcomed the fatiguing tasks of the pioneer. He knew what hands and legs, eyes and ears were made for. The pioneer of the Gospel must combine in his person the learning of the scholar and the skill of the mechanic. He must be willing to do the work of the farmer, the mechanic, the teacher and the preacher. He must be an eminently practical man who is willing not only to study and teach but "to work with his hands the thing that is good." St. Paul, the greatest of all missionaries, was a tent-maker and worked at his trade while preaching the Gospel, although he stoutly contended for the principle that they who preach the Gospel have a right to look for temporal support to those whom they serve as preachers and pastors.

Zeisberger's stay in the new colony fitted him for the practical tasks of the missionary. But it also

served another and a higher purpose. The Rev. Peter Boehler was pastor of the little congregation in the new settlement. He was a man of deep spirituality, a real father among the colonists, a man of great piety and fervent missionary zeal. He took a deep interest in the lad and did much not only to develop his mind but to deepen his spirituality. Zeisberger naturally was a bright boy. He was specially gifted in languages. Rev. Boehler was a university-bred man. He had studied at Jena and Leipzig. His association with Zeisberger in Georgia and North Carolina was of great advantage to the latter, both from a mental and spiritual point of view. In bringing Zeisberger into contact with this learned and godly man, God was preparing him for his great life work. It was the case of one professor and one student making a university, even though it be in the wilds of America. There are some things which can not be learned in the school room. They are

acquired in the school in which the Holy Ghost is teacher. What the great apostle to the Indians of North America lacked in classical training he made up in deep spirituality. Like the Apostles of old he had no great amount of the learning of this world, but he had a rich measure of the Spirit of God which is the spirit of wisdom and understanding and fits men for the arduous and difficult work in the Kingdom of God. God "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and . . . the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." 1 Cor. 1, 27. Let us not despise learning, but learning, without the unction of the Spirit of God, is useless and worse than useless in the work of the Kingdom. Only when learning is sanctified by the Holy Spirit can it be of real service in mission work. When this is not the case the outcome will always be: "Thinking themselves to be wise they became fools." True wisdom has its origin in the

fear of God. It is wonderful what God can do with a man of just ordinary ability and attainments. Zeisberger was blessed with more than ordinary natural ability and, although his training in the arts and sciences was not what men would call the best, yet God accomplished great things through this modest and unassuming man.

## CHAPTER III.

### AT BETHLEHEM

Zeisberger's stay in the Moravian colony of Georgia was of short duration. War broke out between Spain and England in 1739 and the hostile spirit was carried to their colonies in the new world. The Spaniards of Florida threatened to attack the English colony of Georgia. The Moravians have always been opposed to war and stood neutral, refusing to bear arms. The settlement was finally abandoned. The ravages of war and even the threat of its horrors have so often seriously interfered with the work of missions. In their greed for wealth and power men ruthlessly trample under foot the tender plants of christian civilization. The Gospel is a message of "Peace on earth" and the dove of peace can not exist in the company of the eagles of fight and the vultures of prey.



A few of the more courageous of the settlers, among whom was Zeisberger, turned their faces northward, seeking a new home in Pennsylvania. They made the trip in Peter Whitefield's sloop, landing in Philadelphia in April, 1740. This little company of seven men, two women and two lads, one of whom was Zeisberger, proceeded to the forks of the Delaware and there, in the heart of the wilderness began a christian settlement on land that had been secured by bishop Nitschmann who had arrived from Europe. The settlement was on the Lehigh river. Here in September, 1741, the corner stone for a chapel was laid. The church became the center of their village which they called Bethlehem. It is still known by that name and has since become one of the great steel centres of the new world. Other colonists arrived from Germany and soon Bethlehem became the centre of great missionary activity. It has ever since remained the headquarters of the Mo-

ravian church in the new world. Its missionary messengers have carried the joyful news of the Savior's birth into the most distant parts of the earth in fulfillment of the angels prediction that the glad tidings of Christ's coming should be "to all people."

Count v. Zinzendorf had visited the Moravian settlements in the new world and on his return in 1743 the elders of the church at Bethlehem determined to send back with him a number of their brighter boys to have them educated in the schools of Germany. Among these lads was David Zeisberger. They were already aboard ship, the "James," which was just ready to weigh anchor. Bishop Nitchmann, who had come aboard to bid adieu to his departing friends, noticed that young David looked very much dejected. When asked whether he was not willing to make the journey he answered: "No, I would much rather remain in America, to be truly con-

verted and to serve Him in this country." To this the bishop replied: "If this be so and I were in your place I would at once return to Bethlehem." He needed no second invitation. At once Zeisberger left the ship and was saved for the great work to which God had called him in the new world, the work of preaching the Gospel to the Indians of North America.

From the very first the town of Bethlehem became the center of great missionary activity. The Moravians had already begun missions among the Indian tribes of New York and Pennsylvania before Zeisberger entered the work. Among the Mohecans of Shekomeko, Christian Henry Rauch, Count v. Zinzendorf and his companions had preached the Gospel at Nazareth and beyond the Blue Mountains. The Indian interpreter, Conrad Weiser, welcomed them to his home at Tulpehocken. A mission school was soon started at Bethlehem under the direction

of John Christopher Pyrlaeus, who had some knowledge of the Mohawk language. Among the students of this school was the hero of our story who had determined to spend his life in missionary work among the Indians. Having been converted to the Savior, by a true and living faith, he burned with zeal to turn others from darkness to light and especially to bring the message of peace and pardon to the aborigines of America who had lived for centuries in their forest homes in ignorance of him who would have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. He determined to enter this calling, not from mercenary motives. There was little in the work of a missionary that could attract a young man who had set money as the aim of his life. In fact after Zeisberger had once started the work he positively refused to accept a salary for his services. All he asked for was that his bodily wants be supplied and even to these he frequently ministered with the

labor of his own hands. He did not object when others worked on a salary but for himself he never could overcome the feeling of being a "hireling" should he accept a stated salary. Neither did he work for glory. The Indians were a despised race. Many believed they were on a level with the Canaanites of old whom the Lord had expressly commanded Israel to exterminate. It was thought they were entirely beyond redemption and any effort to elevate them to the standard of christian civilization was, to say the least, a foolhardy undertaking that was doomed to failure from the very outset. Many, perhaps most, of the early white settlers considered the man who would devote his life to such a hopeless task a religious fanatic, whom they could, at best, only pity. Zeisberger's determination to spend his life in labors to christianize the Indians was rooted in his love of the Savior and his firm conviction that the blessings of the Gospel were intended for all men

and that no race, however deeply fallen in ignorance and vice, was beyond its saving power. He felt like Paul of old when he wrote: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" And again: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Every true missionary is not after his own glory but the glory of God, the glory of the Savior, the glory of the Spirit of truth which, out of pure grace, saves perishing men through the foolishness of preaching. No other motive would have been strong enough to carry this man of God through all the hardships, disappointments and persecutions which awaited him in after life. His faith was not an intellectual process, not a mere matter of the head, but a deep seated conviction, the work of the Spirit who changes the heart and lays hold of the secret sources of power which lie hidden there and makes them subservient to the saving will of God toward a perishing world.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE MOKAWK VALLEY OF NEW YORK

Early in 1745 Zeisberger, in company with another missionary, Fredrick Post, started for the Mokawk valley, to perfect himself in the language of the natives. They were welcomed by Hendrick, the king of the Mokawks, at Canajoharie. About this time there was trouble brewing between the French and the English. When the authorities heard that there were white men living among the Mokawks they suspicioned them of being French spies who had come down to stir up the Indians against the English. Ten days after their arrival Zeisberger and his companion were placed under arrest and hurried off to Albany. After a preliminary hearing they were taken to New York and placed in jail. On February 23rd they were brought before Governor Clinton for a hearing. Each was examined separately.

De Schweinitz gives the following account of the trial: "Zeisberger was examined first and alone. After several preliminary questions with regard to his birthplace and arrival in America, the examination continued as follows:

"How long have you been in this government?"

"Since last New Year's Day, when we passed through here."

"How far up did you go into the country?"

"As far as Canajoharie."

"Who sent you thither?"

"Our church."

"What church is that?"

"The Protestant Church of the United Brethren."  
(So the Moravians called themselves.)

"Do you all do what she commands you?"

"With our whole heart."

"But if she should command you to hang yourselves, or to go among the Indians and stir them up



against the white people, would you obey in this?"

"No, I can assure your Excellency and the whole Council that our church never had any such designs."

"What did she command you to do among the Indians?"

"To learn their language."

"Can you learn the language so soon?"

"I had already learned somewhat of it in Pennsylvania, and I went up to improve myself."

"What use will you make of this language? What is your design when you have perfected yourself in it? You must certainly have a reason for learning it?"

"We hope to get liberty to preach among the Indians the Gospel of our crucified Savior, and to declare to them what we have personally experienced of his grace in our hearts."

"Did you preach while you were among them

now?"

"No, I had no design to preach, but only to learn the language."

"Were you not at William's Fort? Why did you not stay there?"

"We were there, but finding no Indians, as they had all gone hunting, we went farther."

"But their wives and children were at home; you could have learned of them."

"That was not proper for me, being a single man."

"You will give an account to your church, when you come home, of the condition of the country and the land?"

"I will. Why should I not? But we do not concern ourselves about that land; we have land enough of our own—we do not need that."

"You observed how many cannon are in the fort, how many soldiers and Indians in the castle and how many at Canajoharie?"

"I was not so much as within the fort, and I did not think it worth while to count the soldiers or the Indians."

"Whom do you acknowledge for your king?"

"King George of England."

"But when you go up among the French Indians, who is your king there?"

"I never yet had any mind to go thither."

"Will you and your companions swear to be faithful subjects of King George, acknowledge him as your sovereign; and abjure the Pope and his adherents?"

"We own ourselves to be King George's faithful subjects; we acknowledge him as our sovereign; we can truly certify that we have no connection at all with the Pope and his adherents, and no one who knows anything of us can lay this to our charge. With regard to the oath, however, I beg leave to say that we are not inhabitants of this government, but

travelers, and hope to enjoy the same privilege, which is granted in other English Colonies, of traveling unmolested without taking the oath."

"You design to teach the Indians, and we must have the assurance that you will not teach them disaffection to the king."

"But we have come at this time with no design to teach."

"Our laws require that all travelers in this government shall swear allegiance to the King, and have a license from the governor."

"I never before heard of such a law in any country or kingdom of the world."

"Will you or will you not take the oath?"

"I will not." (The Moravians are on principle opposed to taking oaths.)

Having put some other unimportant questions, the Council dismissed Zeisberger and examined Post. Then Zeisberger was recalled and the secretary read

to him the new act against the Moravians.

"Do you understand this?" he continued.

"Most of it, but not all," replied Zeisberger.

"Will you take the oath now?"

"I hope the honorable Council will not force me to do it."

"We will not constrain you; you may let it alone if it is against your conscience; but you will have to go to prison again."

"I am content."

Zeisberger's request to be informed of the crime laid to his charge was met with the sententious remark, that it would be too late to take measures against a crime after it had been committed. "We must prevent the mischief," said the far-sighted counselor, "before it is brought about." (De S., Page 126-129.)

Influential friends began to intercede for the innocent captives, but not until they had spent seven

weeks in prison were they at last set free. How they bore their unjust treatment is evident from what Zeisberger wrote: "We count it great honor to suffer for the Savior's sake, although the world can not understand this." At last, on petitions seconded by Conrad Weiser and Governor Thomas of Pennsylvania, they were set at liberty and returned to Bethlehem. On the walls of their prison cells they inscribed several verses of German hymns which gave evidence of the way in which they bore their unjust treatment at the hands of those who claimed to be Christians but were strangers to the spirit of the Gospel.

It was a bitter experience for the young missionaries and many a one, less strong in the faith and less devoted to the cause, would have turned back and given up in despair. But Zeisberger was not made of that kind of stuff. So far from discouraging him it only added fuel to the flame of his love for the

Savior and his zeal for the salvation of the Indians. He was willing to suffer anything, even death itself, for the privilege of preaching the Gospel to a perishing race.

## CHAPTER V.

### AMONG THE IROQUOIS

A mission had been established at Shekomeko, N. Y. In the course of time it became necessary to remove this mission to the valley of the Wyoming where Zinzendorf had preached the Gospel. This necessitated a conference with the grand Council of the Iroquois at their capital, Onandaga. Bishop Spangenberg undertook the trip and Zeisberger accompanied him. Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, and government agent, who had been commissioned by the government of Pennsylvania to treat with the Indians, joined them later. Their trail ran along the West bank of the Susquehanna and farther on through a fearful wilderness in Lycoming County, between the Allegheny and Laurel Hill mountains. The historian says of this journey: "Even at the present day it is a wild country; of its



appearance, more than a century ago, we can scarcely form a conception. The forests were a heavy growth, in many parts impenetrable to the sun; thick underwood entangled the traveler on every side; the ground, for miles, was a morass, into which horses sank up to their knees; and not unfrequently gigantic trees, uprooted by the storm, were found obstructing the trail." (De S. 133.)

It was on this trip one evening at the campfire that Zeisberger was formally adopted into the tribe of the Onandagas, the clan of the turtle, under the name Ganousaracherie, meaning, on the pumpkin. The Indians were friendly. Zeisberger had gained their confidence to a remarkable degree. His adoption into the Indian tribe was not a mere formality with him. He was in earnest about it as his whole subsequent history proved. He was henceforth inseparably connected with the Indians and they considered him a blood relative. On the trip just men-

tioned, one evening as the party were about to pitch their tent, a committee of head men from the Mohican village, near by which they had stopped for the night, came out with the message: "Brothers, we rejoiced when we saw you approaching: our houses are swept; our beds are prepared; we have hung the kettle over the fire; lodge with us." Coming to New York they passed through Tompkins, Cayuga and Onandaga counties, a country almost as wild as that of the Alleghenies, and finally reached the capital of the League on June 17th, 1745.

The Council met on the 20th. Conrad Weiser delivered his message for the government and Zeisberger asked the privilege of establishing a christian settlement at Wyoming. The following day the Sachems of the Six Nations agreed to renew the covenant of friendship which had been made with Zinzendorf some years previous and gave their consent to the establishment of a mission at Wyoming.

After a stay of twelve days the visiting party began the homeward journey. This was even more arduous than the first trip. They encountered rainstorms and ran out of provisions. The historian says: "They braved these hardships for eight days, until they reached Ostonwacken, almost exhausted, yet full of hope. A bitter disappointment awaited them. There was not a morsel of food to be had in the village, and not even a fire burning in a single lodge. Riding on in garments wringing wet, and barely alleviating the worst pangs of hunger with a few fishes which they had caught in the Susquehanna they lay down on the bank of the river at noon on the seventh of July utterly overcome. They could go no farther. It was an hour to try their souls. A handful of rice constituted the remnant of their provisions. Faint and silent, the bishop and his young companions waited to see what God would do; while Shikellimy and his son (He was their Indian guide)

with the stoicism of their race, resigned themselves to their fate. Presently an aged Indian emerged from the forest, sat down among them, opened his pouch, and gave them a smoked turkey. When they proceeded, he joined their party, camped with them at night, and produced several pieces of delicious venison. They could not but recognize in this meeting a direct interposition of their heavenly Father. The next day they reached Shamokin, where a trader supplied all their wants." (De S. 136-137.)

They at last reached Bethlehem, thankful for the protecting Providence which God had exercised over them and full of gratitude that the object of their long and arduous journey had been accomplished. The converts at Shekomeko, however, refused to migrate to Wyoming. They were comfortably situated where they were and feared to cast their lot among the savages. Finally ten families removed to a place near Bethlehem where they built a christian

village which was called "Friedenshuetten," tents of peace. This removal was made necessary by the increasing unfriendliness of the white settlers. Another more permanent settlement called "Gnadenhuetten," tents of grace, was formed and here Zeisberger was sent to lay out the town. A mission was established at Shamokin and Zeisberger, who had by this time learned the Mohawk language quite fluently, was stationed here as assistant to missionary Mack who was in charge of the work. This was in April, 1748. Here he began the preparation of his Iroquois dictionary with Chief Shikellimy as assistant. He found it an extremely difficult task as the Indians had absolutely no words to express christian ideas. Smallpox and famine were causing great havoc among the Indians along the West branch of the Susquehanna into which country Zeisberger and Mack made an exploratory tour. The Indians tried to eke out an existence on boiled grass, bark, green grapes and roots.

Zeisberger undertook another missionary tour with De Wattville, Mack and Camerhoff, acting as interpreter of the party. First they visited Gnadenhuetten and then followed the trail through the Lehigh water gap northward through the wilderness, over what is now the anthracite coal region at Mauch Chunk. Finally they reached Wyoming where, six years before, Zeisberger had preached the Gospel. From here they went to Shamokin where they were welcomed by their brethren to the hospitalities of the village. De Wattville preached and Zeisberger acted as interpreter. Shikellimy, the chief, was specially impressed. Years before he had been baptized by a Jesuit priest but not until now did he understand and appreciate the comforts of the Gospel, to hear more of which he made a trip to Bethlehem. Shortly after, he died in the faith of Jesus. Zeisberger cared for him in body and soul until the end came, which was one of peace.

On February 16th, 1749, Zeisberger was ordained to the ministry and resumed his work at Shamokin, Pa., but under the most disheartening surroundings. The inhabitants, themselves unimpressed by the preaching of the Gospel, were continually stirred up by war parties and drunken fights. Just one example let us relate. De Schweinitz writes: "One day the death-whoop rang through the forest. A band of thirty Iroquois was returning from the country of the Catawbias, with three prisoners, one of whom was a little girl. She was spared, but the two men were obliged to run the gauntlet. In this brutal sport all the Indians of Shamokin took part. Two lines were formed, between which the captives were made to run, amid furious blows dealt with fists, sticks, and war-clubs, until they reached a hut that had previously been pointed out to them as a place of refuge. Thither the warriors came and bound up their wounds after which they were led

forth again and compelled to dance for the amusement of the assembled people. To force their prisoners thus to run the gauntlet at every town to which they brought them was the inhuman custom of the Six Nations." (De S., Page 152.) The work at Shamokin was unsuccessful, whilst at other places it flourished. At Gnadenhuetten a new and larger chapel was erected in 1749 and altogether the mission had about 500 converts.

It was the purpose of the mission authorities to bring the Gospel to the Six Nations, this most powerful confederacy among the Indians East of the Alleghenies. For this purpose a second embassy to Onandaga, the capital of the Leagus, was undertaken. As interpreter to Bishop Camerhoff Zeisberger undertook this trip. Waiting in vain a whole week for an Indian guide they at last set out alone trusting in the guidance of God. On May 28th, 1750, they started out in a canoe accompanied by an



Indian and his family. At night they camped in bark huts. On the way they met a number of Indian converts who were living among their heathen surroundings, faithful to their christian profession. The heathen could not understand this and asked the missionaries: "What have you done to our brothers, that they are so entirely different from us, and from what they used to be? What is this Baptism which has made them turn from our feasts and dances, and shun all our ways?" (De S., 159.) The Gospel of Christ had proven itself the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, even to a degraded Indian. For about ten days they paddled their way on the winding river, living on game which they shot. At Tioga they turned into the Chemung. On the border of New York they were met by a chief of the Cayugas whose salute was: "I salute you, my brother Ganauseracharie." From here the journey was made on horseback, guided by the Cayuga chief,

going along the Eastern shore of Cayuga lake. Here they passed trees on which were inscribed, in rude hieroglyphics, the heroic deeds of past generations of Indians and of which their guide seemed to be very proud. And here in the primeval forest Camerhoff and Zeisberger celebrated the Lord's Supper "in nature's lofty sanctuary" but with the assurance that the Savior was with them and would fulfill his promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them."

June 21st the Council was to be held, but the Indians were all so beastly drunk that it would have been in vain to try to talk to them. So the missionaries passed on to the neighboring tribe of the Senecas. Passing through forest and swamp, under rain and stifling heat, pestered by swarms of mosquitoes, often wading through mire up to their knees, over fallen timber and through tangled thickets they at

last came to the beautiful lake Canandaigua. Arriving at an Indian village Camerhoff was taken sick with a burning fever. That night, while Zeisberger was sitting by the couch of his sick companion, he was summoned to a distant part of the village, where he found all the men engaged in a drunken bout and was urged to join them in the revelry. At the risk of his life Zeisberger refused and spoke to them on the evils of drunkenness. When he returned to his sick companion their lodge was surrounded by a howling mob, who fired their rifles recklessly and the two missionaries, trying to make their escape, were in imminent danger of losing their lives. At last they reached the capital of the Senecas, a village of about forty huts. Here, too, almost the whole male population was drunk and again their lives were in the greatest danger. At the risk of his life, during the night, Zeisberger stole away to a spring, about a mile away, to get a kettle of water to quench the

burning thirst of his companion, still sick of the fever. On the second night the women, who in their lust were incarnate devils, made an attack on the strangers. Recognizing that they could impossibly remain here the missionaries made their escape at early dawn. A thick fog covered their flight. Not an Indian appeared, not a dog barked, not a sound was heard, as they stole away. They made their escape in safety back to Onandaga, although they nearly perished from hunger on the way.

At last the council was convened and after some deliberation it was agreed that the missionaries might live among them to learn their language. On his way back to the settlements Zeisberger came near losing his life. He had stepped ashore to shoot a wild turkey and, while in the act, a big rattle-snake, the horror of the American wilderness, bit him in the leg. This would have meant certain death in a very short time; but fortunately the thick buckskin

of his leggins absorbed the poison and his life was saved. Finally they reached Bethlehem, having on this trip traveled in canoes, on horse-back and afoot about 1600 miles.

The mission Board sent Zeisberger to Europe and, after his return, he took up his abode at Onandaga in 1752. To such an extent had he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Indians that they made him keeper of the national archives. He had charge of their documents and strings and belts of wampum, and the Council frequently met in his lodge. He had much trouble with white traders who insisted on selling rum to the Indians and were opposed to every effort in the direction of bringing the blessings of christian civilization to the aborigines. Zeisberger was perhaps the first real prohibitionist in America. In all of the numerous villages which he founded the sale of intoxicants was strictly forbidden and that for good reason. A drunkard of any

kind is an unmitigated nuisance, but a drunken Indian is an incarnate devil. The traders, of course, cared little what became of the Indian, what they were after was financial gain. It was easy to take the advantage of a drunken Indian in a trade. By these evil influences the work of the mission was so seriously crippled that the missionaries were at last compelled to give up and leave Onandaga. They did so with fervent prayers to God that he would some time open the eyes of these blind heathen to the blessed light of the Gospel of Christ. Troublous times were at hand. The work of the missionaries among the Iroquois was at an end. The six Nations had had their opportunity. When new mission work was begun, it was not among them, but among the Delawares.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SEEKING A REFUGE

After his return from Onandaga in 1755 Zeisberger again took up the work at Gnadenhuetten. He also preached to a tribe of Monseys at Lackawannock, near the present city of Scranton, Pa. Though understanding their dialect but imperfectly yet the Indians said he spoke "words of gold."

There was war between England and France. General Braddock had been defeated near Ft. Duquesne, and now the Indians, in sympathy with France, were let loose to ravage Pennsylvania. The tomahawk, scalping knife and fire brand were at work. With fiendish frenzy the heathen Indians fell upon the white settlers. They considered the whites their natural enemies and it required little persuasion on the part of the French to turn them into very fiends of cruelty and devastation. The Moravian

missions were located on this very territory where all the horrors of border warfare were enacted and the missionaries did not retire from the field. Bishop Spangenberg wrote to Count v. Zinzendorf: "The country is full of fear and tribulation. In our churches there is light. We live in peace and feel the presence of the Savior." But the very fact that the missionaries continued to pursue, and even extend, their work brought them under suspicion of being secretly in sympathy with the French and French Indians. The very existence of the missions was in danger. Part of the Indians sided with the French and part with the English. The christian Indians remained neutral. The white settlers were fleeing from the towns for safety. The inhabitants pled with the government for protection against the savages. Zeisberger did all he could to preserve peace and neutrality in the missions. Gnadenhuetten was the most flourishing among these. The spirit of the



work there done is manifest from the following description: "How good and pleasant the social fellowship of Moravian settlers in those early days! They toiled in common and in common they ate the bread of their industry. Whether as missionaries or farmers, as ministers or mechanics, their work was performed in the interests of the Gospel and to the glory of God. To them religion was not an austere principle, not the fulfilling of a code of duties, but a life of holy happiness. Her beauty smiled upon them in the midst of their labors; her sweet breath animated them, whenever they met, not only brethren of one fraternity, but friends, among whom existed affinity of thought and feeling and enjoyments." (De S., Page 230.) On the 24th of November the whole christian settlement was destroyed, the inhabitants cruelly murdered and the buildings burned to the ground. Zeisberger barely escaped with his life and brought the sad news to

Bethlehem. A few survivors escaped and also made their way to Bethlehem. Some of the women were taken captive and their fate among the brutish savages was worse than death. At the call of Squire Horsefield of Bethlehem volunteers hastened to the scene of the disaster and, under their protection, the scattered converts who had fled into the forest gradually came together and were escorted to Bethlehem. This first massacre of Gnadenhuetten must not be confused with the second which took place in the Tuscarawas valley of Ohio some years later and which will be described later on in our narrative. The destruction of Gnadenhuetten was an awful blow to the missionary efforts of the Moravians, and men, less imbued with courage and zeal, would have given up in despair. The war swept over the mission with the destructive fury of a hurricane.

During the ravages of the French and Indian war missionary work had to be suspended. To care for

the few who had escaped was the only thing to be done at this time. Zeisberger was sent by the Board with letters to a Moravian colony in Western North Carolina and two months later returned to Bethlehem. The ravages on the frontier continued. The white settlers imitated their savage foes in cruelty. Meanwhile the christian Indians had founded a village about two miles from Bethlehem and called it "Nain," the chapel of which was dedicated October 18, 1758. The description of this village founded by christian Indians will interest our readers. "About this time Nain exhibited indications of prosperity such as marked Gnadenhuetten before the war. Not a few of the fugitive converts emerged from the wilderness and sought its peaceful cabins. The village was enlarged, and presented a pleasing appearance. It was built in the form of a square, of which three sides were lined with dwellings, and the South side left open, so as to permit the inhabitants to fetch

water from a little stream that flowed by. In the centre of the square was a well. The houses were of squared timber, and had shingle roofs; back of them lay the gardens. Besides the chapel and school house there was a public building for the indigent widows, whom the congregation supported." (De S., Page 251.)

In 1759 Zeisberger undertook a second trip to North Carolina. After his return, the conditions not permitting a renewal of missionary activities, he spent fifteen months in Lititz, Pa. It was a time of watchful waiting, and it sorely tried the patience of a man whose whole heart and soul was in the work of bringing the Gospel to the Indians, his brethren by adoption.

On November 3, 1762, a treaty of peace was signed between France and England. This again made it possible to take up mission work among the Indians and Zeisberger was only too anxious to resume the

work to which he had devoted his life. But the heathen Indians began to be restless, fearing that English supremacy would eventually deprive them of their hunting grounds and, under the leadership of Pontiac, a great chief of the Ottawas, a conspiracy was formed, the object of which was the utter extermination of all the English white settlements. Agents were sent out to all the tribes of New York, Pennsylvania and the Mississippi valley. A council was held near Detroit April 27, 1763, and plans were laid to carry out the work of blood. Meanwhile Zeisberger was visiting his christian Indian villages, encouraging them to remain steadfast in the faith, little dreaming of the storm that was brewing over their innocent heads. On the invitation of Papunhank, Zeisberger visited an Indian village called Machiwihilusing. The result is described in the following: "In the evening of the 23rd of May, Zeisberger and his companion reached Machiwihilusing.

They were very tired, but found no time to rest. The Indians flocked together from every part of the village to hear the Gospel. On the next morning the work was resumed, and continued for three days with great power. A deep impression was made upon the hearts of the natives. Tears rolled down their cheeks, and their whole frames were convulsed with emotion as they listened to that Word which 'is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Papunhank seemed to be moved even more than his former disciples. On one occasion, after an earnest discourse, Zeisberger turned to him and exclaimed, 'Brother, what have you to say to this people?' 'Nothing,' he replied with a subdued voice, 'except that they shall listen to their new teachers.' On another occasion he attempted to speak, but his feelings overcame him, and

the words died away on his lips." (De S., Page 269.)

But the secret of Pontiac's conspiracy leaked out and spread consternation all along the border. All the horrors of Indian warfare were to be re-enacted. It was to be a war of extermination, a fight to the finish. The Indians felt that their very existence as a race was at stake, that as long as a white man lived they would not be safe. On June 30th Zeisberger received a message telling him of the outbreak of hostilities and recalling him to Bethlehem. He obeyed, though with a sad heart. The feeling of the white settlers against the Indians was intense and in their frenzy all Indians to them seemed alike. They made no distinction between christian and savage. In their estimation there were no good Indians except the dead Indians. They, too, were fighting for their very existence. So long as an Indian lived they did not consider themselves safe. It was a real race war. The converts were in imminent danger. On

the one hand their brethren after the flesh tried by every means to enlist them in the fight against the hated whites, their natural enemies, and were in danger of being treated as traitors for not joining in the fight to regain and retain the hunting grounds inherited from their fathers; and on the other hand the whites, though nominally Christians and their spiritual brethren, simply looked upon them as Indians to be hunted and destroyed like wild beasts. The converts sent a message to the governor of Pennsylvania claiming his protection. In order to secure their safety from scouting parties the christian Indians were ordered to conform to the following regulations: "They are always clothed; they are never painted, and wear no feathers, but hats or caps; they let their hair grow naturally; they carry their guns on their shoulders, with the shaft upwards." The rule to be observed by them, when meeting a white man, was this: They will call to



him, salute him, and coming near will carry their guns either reversed or on the shoulder. Lastly they intend, when they go out hunting, to get a pass of Mr. Timothy Horsefield, if he be at home; or else of their ministers, Mr. Jacob Schmick, at Nain, or Mr. Bernard Adam Grube, at Wechquetank. That the christian Indians meekly submitted to such restrictions, so galling to the pride of their race, is one of the many evidences of the great change wrought in them through the power of the Gospel." (De S., Page 276.)

But even these regulations were not a sufficient protection. A number of christian Indians were murdered in cold blood, not even women and children being spared. A christian Indian had been accused of murder and was taken to Philadelphia for trial. He was innocent but public sentiment was at fever heat. The converts were disarmed and removed to Philadelphia for protection by order of the

assembly. It was a great hardship for the Indians to be housed up in a city and yet there was nothing to do but obey. Led by the sheriff the converts started for the "City of brotherly Love," the aged and sick, the women and children on wagons, the men afoot, Zeisberger and his fellow missionary Grube passing among them with words of encouragement and consolation. There were 120 Indians in the party. At Germantown the rabble threatened to kill the innocent victims. They were to be quartered in the barracks at Philadelphia. As they approached the city a mob met them with cries of "Shoot them! Hang them! Scalp the accursed Red-skins!" In order to allay the frenzy of the infuriated mob the prisoners were finally conveyed to Provenge Island, the summer quarantine station of Philadelphia. Here they almost starved for want of provisions. On December 14, 1763, a little company of peaceful Indians who lived at the manor of

Conestoga were attacked by the whites and six of them murdered, and their village burned to the ground. Those who happened not to be at home were collected and put into prison at Lancaster. On the 27th the jail was stormed by white settlers and the Indians murdered, not even women and children being spared. The news of this outrageous act caused great alarm in Philadelphia. The government feared for the safety of the Moravian Indians of Provenge Island. The authorities could not even arrest the murderers, although they offered a reward of 200 pounds sterling for their apprehension. To insure the safety of the converts they were at last sent under escort to Amboy from whence they were to be transported by two sloops to New York. But before they set sail, a special messenger arrived from the Governor of New York warning them that under no consideration would they be allowed to land in that place. This being reported to the Governor

of Pennsylvania, he ordered their return to Philadelphia. Under escort of 170 men from General Gage's army they again arrived at Philadelphia, January 24, 1764, were lodged in the barracks and kept under guard day and night. The mob again threatened the lives of the innocent fugitives and eight cannon were placed in position to repel the murderous attack of the Scotch Irish borderers. Many citizens, among them even some young Quakers, took up arms in their defense. The Governor himself paid them a visit to comfort and encourage them in their distress. The report reached the city that the rioters were approaching. The whole population was in an uproar, the streets were illuminated, the church bells rang, citizens were awakened from sleep, and arms were distributed. The government was determined to protect the innocent fugitives at all hazards. It was a question which should prevail, mob rule or law and order.

At last, seeing that the authorities were prepared to give them a warm reception should they persist in their murderous attempt, the mob disbanded and the christian Indians gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AT MACHIWIHALUSING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

Although thankful that they had escaped with their lives, the fugitives were not happy. How could they be? The free children of the forest, housed up in the close confines of a city, longed for the freedom of action and the liberty of the chase to which they had been accustomed from childhood. It was in the very blood of the Indian to hate confinement. And yet for their own safety the authorities considered it best to keep them in the barracks a while longer until public sentiment had cooled down. They were well cared for, but prison life did not agree with them. They began to suffer from fever and smallpox. Fifty-six of them died and were buried in the potters field. Peace was concluded December 4, 1764. The fearful storm had

passed, the fugitives were at liberty and resolved to settle in their own country. Under date of March 18, 1764, they delivered the following address to the Governor of Pennsylvania: "We, the Christian Indians, now residing in the barracks and intending to return with our wives and children unto our own country, approach unto you to take our leave, and to return unto you our most sincere thanks. We acknowledge with unfeigned gratitude, the great kindness and friendship you have shown unto us during the late war. We were indeed in danger of our lives, but you protected and defended us against our enemies, so that we have lived in peace. As a father, you have provided for us with food and raiment—you have nursed us in sickness, and buried our dead; we have likewise heard, with joy, that you will in future give us flour until our corn is ripe. We thank you more particularly, that we have been allowed to have our teachers with us during these heavy trials,

who have instructed us daily in the Word of God. They have shown us the way of salvation, so that we are now become acquainted with our Creator, and can love all men. We therefore greatly rejoice that our teachers, Schmick and Zeisberger, go with us into the Indian country, that they may continue to instruct us in the doctrine of salvation. Your kindness, protection and benevolence will never be forgotten by us—we shall bear your goodness in our hearts; we shall speak of it to the other Indians—as long as we live we shall remain true friends to the English. We also beg permission to request of you, to give us powder and shot, that we may provide food on our journey. Finally, we pray that God may bless you! We, the underwritten, do this in the name of all our people, remaining your faithful friends.

JOHN PAPUNHANK  
JOSHUA ANTHONY  
SHEM EVANS."

(H., Page 91.)



Leaving the barracks they started for Bethlehem from which place, after a short rest, they started on their long journey, through Nazareth, across the Blue Mountains to Wyoming, thence by water to Wyalusing. During this journey they cut their way through the forest and every evening at the camp fire they met for divine service and reached their destination after a journey of five weeks. They had to sustain themselves on this trip largely by shooting game and this was often so scarce that on one occasion when famine was staring them in the face Zeisberger and Schmick sought help from God in prayer. God answered their pleadings. The hunters came back with six deer. On another occasion they were threatened by the dangers of a forest fire. The only thing to do was to start a counter fire. For hours the flames raged and devoured the tallest pine trees. There the refugees stood huddled together, men, women, children, horses and cattle waiting till the conflagration should pass by.

At last they reached their destination on the Susquehanna, hundreds of miles removed from the nearest white settlement. Here they hoped in quietness and peace to live their own happy life, free from the restraints of the city and far removed from suspicion and persecution. Here in the wilds of the primeval forest they built a christian village and called it "Friedenshuetten," Tents of Peace. Food was scarce. They lived from the chase, and the women gathered wild potatoes, roots and plants to vary the diet. But they worked with cheerfulness, for they were again free and could again breathe the fresh air of the forest. They cleared the land, fenced their fields, erected cabins, built a chapel and afterwards a spacious church, surmounted by a cupola in which hung a bell to call the congregation to worship. There were well built houses with a garden back of each house. The missionaries worked under the following instructions: "It shall be the

duty of the missionaries to study the Indian languages; to train native assistants; to teach the Indians to read and write; to translate into Delaware all the most important parts of the Bible, and as many hymns as possible; to instil principles of peace into the hearts of their converts, so that, in the event of another war, they may conduct themselves as children of peace, and in the event of persecutions, may forgive their enemies, and leave their cause to the judge of all the earth, who will do right; to educate the congregation in the idea that whatever nationalities it represents and tribal distinctions it embraces, the christian Indians are all one in the Lord Jesus Christ." (De S., 308.)

The work of bringing the heathen the blessings of the Gospel prospered. Many from the surrounding tribes called to see their new neighbors, heard the Word of life and carried it back with them to their friends and relatives. The influence of such work is

thus described by De Schweinitz: "In October the first Baptism took place and proved to be the beginning of a great revival. Not a few were converted. Upon wild Indians, in particular, descended the power of the Holy Ghost. They came from far and near, and represented different nations—Mohawks and Cayugas, Senecas and Onandagas, Tuscaroras and Nanticokes—these all heard the Word of Salvation. Many went their way believing, and scattered among their own tribes the seed of truth.

"This feature of the mission is apt to be overlooked. Statistical tables are counted the law of success. But however correct this may in general be, success was conditioned, in the case of the aborigines of our country, not alone by the number actually added to the Church through Baptism. The impression made upon the individuals who never built themselves lodges in christian villages; the impulse which visiting warriors received to aims higher

and holier than those of barbarism; above all, the ray of light from the Cross streaming into their souls as they sat in some forest sanctuary, or stood in the shade of a tree beneath which a traveling missionary had stopped to proclaim Christ—a light, perhaps, never quenched, but, intensified through the Spirit of God, showing grace, forgiveness and heaven—this, too, must be taken into account. Many a death bed, at which no evangelist ever prayed, may thus have been cheered by the presence of the Christian's hope; many a wigwam, never visited by a messenger of peace, may thus have become a home of peace."

Friedenshuetten grew and prospered. It was like a garden in the wilderness. The little town is thus described: "Friedenshuetten continued to prosper, until it grew to be a settlement that excited the admiration of every visitor, and that we even of today must look upon as a wonderful instance of the civilizing power of the mission. It em-

braced twenty-nine log houses, with windows and chimneys, like the homesteads of the settlers, and thirteen huts, forming one street, in the center of which stood the chapel, thirty-two by twenty-four feet, roofed with shingles, and having a school house as its wing. Immediately opposite, on the left side of the street, was the mission house. Each lot had a front of thirty-two feet, and between each two lots was an alley ten feet wide. Back of the houses were the gardens and orchards, stocked with vegetables and fruit-trees. The entire town was surrounded by a post and rail fence, and kept scrupulously clean. In Summer a party of women passed through the street and alleys, sweeping them with wooden brooms, and removing the rubbish. Stretching down to the river lay two hundred and fifty acres of plantations and meadows, with two miles of fences; and moored to the bank was found a canoe for each household of the community. The converts had

large herds of cattle and hogs, and poultry of every kind in abundance. They devoted more time to tilling the ground than to hunting, and raised plentiful crops. Their trade was considerable in corn, maple-sugar, butter, and pork, which they sold to the Indians; as also in canoes, made of white pine, and bought by the settlers living along the Susquehanna, some of them as far as one hundred miles below Friedenshuetten. The population had increased, from the remnant that left the Philadelphia barracks, to one hundred and fifty souls." (De S., Page 316 and following.)

Remember that all this was accomplished with the raw material of savage Indians. These people, but a few years before, had roved through the forests living on a level but little above the wild beasts against which they defended themselves and upon which they preyed for a livelihood. What better evidence could a reasonable man want of the trans-

forming, elevating power of the Gospel of Christ? St. Paul was right when he wrote: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Only he who has closed his own heart against the saving influence of the Gospel can be blind to its ennobling effect upon others, even the most degraded of our race.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE ALLEGHENY

In September, 1765, Zeisberger was called to Bethlehem to confer with the Board. There was a dispute among the Indians about the land on which the mission on the Susquehanna was located. Zeisberger was sent to confer with the grand Council of the Six Nations at Onandaga about the matter, and the Iroquois gave the following answer to his speech: "The grant of land made last Spring, by Sanunaw-aentowa (The great pipe of peace) which was the title of the schachemship with which Togahaju had been invested—is approved by the Council. The Aquanoschioni have a fire at Friedenshuetten; let their christian cousins, and the teachers of their christian cousins, guard it well. Newallike, the Delaware, has no authority in the town; let him not venture to usurp authority. Their christian cousins

are to consult directly with the Council, or with Sanunawaentowa, its accredited deputy." (De S., 319.)

The Council treated Zeisberger with the utmost distinction and asked him to dwell among them again. To this he answered: "I am glad that you still acknowledge me as an Aquanoschioni. But I can not consent to live among you until you want me as a preacher of the Gospel of the great God." Zeisberger never returned to them again. His face was turned Westward toward the Delawares. He had been laboring for two years at Friedenshuetten. During a visit to Bethlehem several of his Indian relatives called on him and while there one of them, Hachsitagechte, took sick and died. He passed away in the faith of Jesus and was buried at Nain. Two of his companions smoked the pipe of peace at his grave and made the following report of his death at Onandaga: "Brothers, Onandagas! We inform

you that your brother Hachsitagechte came to us sick from Philadelphia, and while among us left this world. We are glad that he reached our town, so that we could nurse him as our brother. We told him the great Words of that God who became man, and as man, shed his blood for all, that all might be saved. He received these great words into his heart, and in the hope of them he died. We buried him." (A string of wampum.) "Herewith we wipe the tears from your eyes. Grieve not. Hachsitagechte has gone to God." (A string of wampum.)

Shortly after this Zeisberger undertook another exploratory missionary tour, the occasion for which he sets forth in the following words: "Intelligence having reached us, although in a very unreliable form, that there were Indians living on the Allegheny river who desired to hear the Gospel, and the Brethren having, as yet, no knowledge of that country, the mission Board resolved upon an exploratory

journey, in order to ascertain whether anything could there be accomplished for the Savior." (De S., 324.) This intelligence of more distant Indians who were anxious to hear the Gospel seemed to Zeisberger like the vision which came to St. Paul in the night, the man from Macedonia calling: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Accompanied by two converts Anthony and Papunhank they started afoot with one pack horse, on the last of September, 1767. Crossing to the West bank of the Susquehanna they passed through several Monsey towns. Going along the beds of creeks and rivers they entered a dense swamp under a drenching rain until they reached the headwaters of the Allegheny in Potter County. Zeisberger was probably the first white man that penetrated the spruce forests of Northwestern Pennsylvania. The chief of the nearest Seneca village had been warned by a messenger of his coming and when Zeisberger appeared he met

him at the door of his cabin and barely returned his greeting. But with the Indian hospitality is a sacred thing. Zeisberger rested and refreshed himself at the fire, and then the following conversation ensued: "Whither is the pale face going?" was the first question with which the old chief broke the silence, and sat down beside his guest.

"To Goschgoschuenk, to visit the Indians," answered Zeisberger.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all."

"Why does the pale face come so unknown a road? This is no road for white people, and no white man has ever come this trail before."

"Seneca," replied Zeisberger, "the business that calls me among the Indians is entirely different from that of other white people, and hence the roads I travel are different, too. I do not come to trade or barter; I do not undertake journeys for the sake of

gain; I am here in order to bring the Indians good and great words."

"What words are these? I want to hear them."

"The words of life!" responded Zeisberger with kindling eye. "I teach the Indians to believe in God, and by believing to be saved. Are not these good words?"

"No!" fiercely exclaimed the chief. "No, they are not good words for the Indians!"

"My friend, answer me, are the Indians not human beings? Are they not to be saved? But how can they be saved unless they hear of their Savior?"

"The Indians are as much human beings as you pale faces, but God created them for other ends than you. He gave them hunting grounds; the game of the forest is theirs. Of the Bible they know nothing. God did not give them that; nor can they understand it. He gave the Bible to the whites; and yet what does it help even these? See how many of

them live in wickedness! Explain this to me. In what respect are the whites, with their Bible, better than the Indians without it?"

This conversation was kept up for more than two hours, the chief assailing the Christian religion, and Zeisberger preaching its divine Author. "Behold," he said in conclusion, "these are the words which I come to tell the Indians. You say they are created in order to roam through the forest and run after bears and deer. O no, my friend! They are made for higher purposes. Believe me, it is God's will that they, too, should be saved."

"By what name is the pale face known?" asked the chief after a time.

"I am Genauseracherie," answered Zeisberger. (De S., Page 326.)

No sooner had Zeisberger mentioned his Indian name than the whole attitude of the old chief was changed. "I thought my brother was sent to spy

out the land of the Senecas. Had I known his name he would have been most welcome." And now the chief warned Zeisberger against the Indians at Goschgoschuenk. "The Indians at Goschgoschuenk," he said, "bear a very bad character; they use the worst kind of sorcery, and will not hesitate to murder you." Zeisberger answered: "No harm can befall me if my God in whom I believe, does not permit it. Are the Indians at Goschgoschuenk very wicked? That is just the reason why I ought to go and preach to them." (De S., Page 328.)

At the next town Zeisberger was received with marked distinction and a royal feast, ending with a war dance, was held in his honor. The party reached Goschgoschuenk on October 16th. The village lay on the Eastern bank of the Allegheny near the mouth of Tionesta Creek in Venango County. There were other villages both up and down the river. As soon as Zeisberger had rested he ap-



pointed a meeting which was to be held in the great council house. The Indians sat in stolid silence around the council fire while the missionary addressed them as follows: "My friends, we have come to bring you great words and glad tidings,—words from our God and your God, tidings from our Redeemer and your Redeemer. We have come to tell you that you will be happy if you will believe in Jesus Christ, who shed his blood and gave his life for you. These great words and glad tidings we have presented to your friends at Friedenshuetten. They have received them; they are happy; they thank the Savior that he has brought them from darkness into light. Now we bear to you the peace of God. The time is here; the visitation of God your Creator, who as man died for you. You are not any longer to live in darkness without Him; you are to learn to know him, whom to know is life and peace. Say not in your hearts, these doctrines are not for us; we are

not made to receive them. I tell you Jesus Christ died for me, for you and for all men. You, too, are called, and called to life eternal." (De S., Page 330.)

Zeisberger knew how to talk to the Indians, and he made the council house ring with his eloquence. He evidently made an impression, for he writes: "Never yet did I see so clearly depicted in the faces of Indians both the darkness of hell and the world-subduing power of the Gospel." (De S., Page 331.)

This touching scene is depicted by the artist Schuessele of Philadelphia in his great painting. By mistake, however, he represents the scene as having taken place in a forest instead of in the council house. Our publishers reproduce this picture which so graphically presents the great hero of the Gospel in the act of bringing the glad tidings of salvation by faith in the crucified Son of God to the benighted and degraded sons of the forest in the wilds of the upper

Allegheny. Surely the scene is worthy the skill of the artist.

Among the Monseys Zeisberger met with most bitter opposition, especially on the part of one of their sorcerers, Wangomen by name. Zeisberger himself writes: "I have never found such heathenism in other parts of the Indian country. Here Satan has his stronghold! Here he sits upon his throne. Here he is worshiped by the savages and carries on his work in the hearts of the children of darkness! Here God's holy name is blasphemed at their sacrificial abominations, at which they venture to take it into their unclean mouths, and to say that what they do is to his honor! Beloved brethren, here are needed the patience and the faith of the saints, if the Savior is to see of the travail of his soul, if the prisoners of hope are to turn to the stronghold." (De S., Page 332.)

Zeisberger entered into a disputation with Wango-

men on one occasion, the substance of which is given by the missionary as follows: "Did I not tell you some days ago that there is only one way of salvation, and the Savior that way? All men, whether white or black or brown, must come to him if they would be saved,—must feel that they are sinners, and seek forgiveness of him. Now, what kind of a god is your god? By what attributes do you recognize him?" Wangomen was silent. "If you can not tell me," continued Zeisberger in a loud, stern voice, "I will tell you. The devil is your god; you preach the devil to the Indians. You are a servant of the devil, who is the father of lies; and being a servant of the devil, the father of lies, you preach lies and deceive the Indians." (De S., Page 334.) It was finally agreed that Zeisberger should establish a mission among them. He returned to Friedenshuetten and from thence to Bethlehem to report to the Board.

In April, 1687, Zeisberger and Gottlieb Sensemann,

with a number of converts, started for Goschgoschuenk. They took with them a small drove of horses and cattle. Arriving on June 9th, Wangomen received them into his lodge. A mission house, sixteen by twenty-six, was built about half a mile from the town. But the work proceeded under great difficulties. After the novelty had worn off and they began to see what it meant to become Christians there was bitter opposition on the part of the Indians, led, especially, by the sorcerer Wangomen. At one time the lives of the missionaries were in danger. A plot was laid to murder Zeisberger. The Indians were forbidden to attend the religious meetings. The meetings were disturbed by all kinds of disputes. In his journals Zeisberger writes: "Will it be possible for these adversaries to prevent the spread of God's Word? They will certainly not succeed, for He that is with us is stronger than they." (De S., Page 345.)

And yet the Gospel was not preached in vain. Soon there were two parties, a christian and a heathen. Here follows a description of one of the sacrificial feasts of the Indians as given by De Schweinitz: "Such feasts deserve a more particular description. They were five in number. The first three consisted of offerings of bear's meat or venison, which was procured by a hunting party appointed for the purpose. While such a party was on the chase, women garnished the house in which the sacrifice was to be held. On their return the hunters fired a volley in the outskirts of the town, as a signal, and then moved to the lodge in procession, carrying their game. There the guests seated themselves on litters of grass, and were supplied with meat and corn bread. Portions of the fat, together with the bones, were cast into the fire; all the rest was eaten. A feast was repeated for three or four successive days, beginning in the afternoon, and continuing through the night until morning.

“At the first sacrifice, after each meal, there was a slow and measured dance, led by an Indian rattling a small tortoise shell filled with pebbles, and singing of dreams or chanting the names of the various manitous which the assembled company worshiped. The second differed from this merely in the disgusting appearance of the men, who, before beginning the dance, stripped themselves to their breech-cloths and smeared their persons with white clay. At the third, ten or more tanned deer skins were distributed among old men and women, who wrapped them around their shoulders, left the house, and, turning to the East, invoked the Great Spirit on behalf of the family which gave the feast.

“The fourth was called **Machtugu**. It required an oven, constructed of twelve pieces of twelve different sorts of wood, not more and not less, and covered closely with blankets. Into this were put twelve stones of medium size, heated to their great-

est intensity, and then the entertainer crept in, and eleven guests strewing tobacco upon the stones, and praying to his manitou. Meanwhile a friend, hired with twelve fathoms of wampum, stood in front of a post covered with the head and hide of a buck, and, turning his face to the East, called upon the same manitou. This continued until the occupants of the oven were unconscious when they were dragged out. A feast of bear's meat began as soon as they had arrived. **Machtugu**, repeated twelve times, rendered a man certain of salvation.

“At the last feast the Indians gorged themselves with the flesh of the bear, which they devoured as long as they could, in the natural way. When this was no longer possible, they forced it down their throats until the stomach rejected the monstrous load. Thereupon they fell to again, passed through the same ordeal, and finally drank the liquid fat. The sicker they got, and the more frequently they vomited, the better pleased was the manitou.



"There were never less than four Indians engaged to wait on the guests. Their pay was wampum, and they had, moreover, the privilege of selling refreshments to the spectators, who gathered from far and near. On the last day the rum-dealers generally made their appearance, so that drunken brawls and murders usually formed the close of these gross rites. What the import of some of them was the natives were themselves unable to explain. They could not even intelligibly give the meanings of all the names by which their feasts were known. Nothing shows the low tendency of their religion more clearly than these sacrifices." (De S., Page 351 and following.)

To avoid the molestation of the heathen, Zeisberger removed the mission to a point about three miles above Goschgoschuenk in the heart of the present oil region. The Indians already knew and made use of the oil, mainly for medicinal purposes. Zeisberger

gives the following account of it: "I have seen three kinds of oil springs,—such as have an outlet, such as have none, and such as rise from the bottom of creeks. From the first, oil and water flow out together, the oil impregnating the grass and soil; in the second, it gathers on the surface of the water to the depth of the thickness of a finger; from the third it rises to the surface and flows with the current of the creek. The Indians prefer wells without an outlet. From such they first dip the oil that has accumulated; then stir the well, and, when the water has settled, fill their kettles with fresh oil, which they purify by boiling. It is used medicinally, as ointment, for toothache, headache, swellings, rheumatism, and sprains. Sometimes they take it internally. It is of a brown color, and can also be used in lamps. It burns well." Little did he dream what a part this oil would play in the life of the nation, and of the whole civilized world, a century and a half later.

A new village with a chapel was built. Zeisberger was still not without hope, as his own words imply: "We have now lived for ten months between the two towns of Goschgoschuenk. That the Savior has kept and preserved us amid these godless and malicious savages is wonderful. They have heard, but they resist, the Gospel, not only because they are blind, and under the influence of the Prince of Evil, but also because they are desperately wicked. I doubt not, however, that more than one among them will yet be convicted of sin, and seek forgiveness with Jesus." (De S., Page 354.)

During Zeisberger's stay at Goschgoschuenk a dire famine broke out and he and Sensemann went down to Ft. Pitt for supplies. It was a long journey to fetch a little corn, but their lives and the existence of the mission was at stake. The first Protestant mission beyond the Alleghenies labored under the most discouraging conditions, and encountered the

bitterest opposition. Their enemies said of the missionaries: "The two white men ought to be killed," and others added, "Yes, and all the baptized Indians with them, and their bodies thrown into the Allegheny!" They claimed the manitous were angry with them on account of the white teachers and at last it was agreed to sacrifice a hog to appease the angry gods.

While Zeisberger was pursuing his work on the Allegheny, Glickkikan, an orator and chief councillor of the chief of the wolf tribe, Pakanke, at Cascaski, on the Big Beaver, came with the intention of confusing him in an argument on religion. He was considered not only a wise councillor and brave warrior but a man specially versed on the subject of religion. But after silently listening to Zeisberger's preaching he was so overcome with the power of the truth that he advised the Indians to listen to and accept what Zeisberger said. On one occasion, Zeis-

berger being absent, his native assistant, Anthony, of whom the former said that he was as eager to bring souls to Christ as a hound was eager to chase the deer, received Glickkikan and at once began in his own way to preach the Gospel. "My friends," he said, "hear me; I will tell you a great thing. God made the heavens, the earth and all things that in them are. Nothing exists which God did not make. God has created us. But who of us knows the Creator? Not one! I tell you the truth, not one! For we have fallen away from God; we are polluted creatures; our minds are darkened by sin. That God who made all things and created us, came into the world in the form and fashion of a man. Why did he thus come into the world? Think of this! I will show you. God became a man and took upon himself flesh and blood, in order that, as man, he might reconcile the world unto himself. By his bitter death on the cross he procured for us

life and eternal salvation, redeeming us from sin, from death and from the power of the devil." Glickkikan was an honest man and the truth, thus preached in simplicity, found lodgement in his heart. To Anthony's speech he simply said: "I have nothing to say. I believe your words." (De S., Page 356.)

## CHAPTER IX.

### ON THE BEAVER

Glickkikan returned for a second visit and brought an invitation from his Chief Pakanke for Zeisberger to come and settle among his people. An offer of land was made as a location for the mission. The invitation was forwarded by two runners to Bethlehem for instructions. Zeisberger had the pleasure, about the holidays, 1769, to receive the first fruits of his labors on the Allegheny by the sacrament of Baptism. These were the first Protestant Baptisms in the Allegheny valley.

The Board at Bethlehem having given its consent a number of christian Indians in fifteen canoes left their homes at Lawunakhannek on the Allegheny to the vast valley of the Ohio to carry the Gospel into a region where hitherto the darkness and tyranny of heathendon had reigned supreme. They reached

Ft. Pitt, or rather as it was then called Ft. Duquesne, where the Ohio is formed by the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, on April 20, 1770, glided down the beautiful stream to the mouth of the Beaver. All this region, now a beehive of industry, was then an unbroken wilderness. They entered the Beaver as far as the rapids and here had to drag their canoes over the rapids for a mile. In this difficult task they were assisted by Glickkikan and his friends who had come to meet the party and welcome them. About twenty miles above the rapids they landed on the East side of the river and camped in bark huts. It was probably in Laurence County, Pa., not far from the present city of New Castle. First they sent messengers to Pakanke telling him of their arrival and thanking him for the invitation to come and live among his people. Pakanke welcomed them and gave them assurance that they should be undisturbed in the exercise of their reli-



gion. But when he learned that his chief councillor, Glickkikan, had joined the Christians he was rather disappointed. Heckewaelder, in his Narrative of Indian Missions, has the following to say as to their reception: "On the arrival of these christian Indians, the neighboring Indians were astonished to see people of their own nation, differing so much in their manners and behaviour from themselves, and to hear a doctrine preached, they never before had heard. The chief came from Kushkushke to welcome them; but the scene was soon changed, when he saw that his first councillor, Glickkikan, left him and joined the christian Indians. Indeed, the loss of this man was considered a partial loss to the whole nation.

"While Pakanke, the chief, and Glickkikan were contending together on the propriety of such conduct, a black belt of wampum, which had been brought on from the great Council at Geckelemuk-

pechink (in English *Still Water*) was laid before the chief, containing the following advice and notice; namely, "that in consideration of an epidemical disease, which had raged among them for some time, carrying off great numbers of Delawares and believed to have been brought on them by the power of witchcraft, some of the councillors were of the opinion, that by embracing Christianity the contagion would cease. That therefore they were unanimous, that this remedy should be resorted to; and that they hereby declared, that the Word of God should be received by them; and further, that whoever should oppose the measure ought to be considered an enemy of the nation.

"This resolute and sincere message, so favorable to the cause of the Brethren, silenced their adversaries; and was in a great measure, the cause of the prosperity of the Brethren's mission from that time forward. A misunderstanding, from a belief that

the christian Indians were averse to contribute to the support of the affairs of the nation, being also removed by their declaring 'That, though they never intended to interfere in state affairs nor with wars, yet they would always be willing to bear their share of the public burden for peace measures; and, in fact, toward all measures resorted to, and adopted for the welfare of the nation—provided such measures had no tendency to molest either the white people or any of the Indian nations.' They openly declared: 'That the brethren should not only be tolerated throughout the nation, but be at liberty to preach the Gospel wherever they pleased, but should likewise be considered as adopted into their family'." (H., Page 112.)

The camp was soon changed into a town which they called Languntentenuenk. (Friedenstatt, city of peace.) The new town attracted the Indians, among whom was Glickkikan, who became an ear-

nest Christian, much to the displeasure of his chief, who said to him: "And have you gone to the christian teachers from our very council? What do you want of them? Do you hope to get a white skin? Not so much as one of your feet will turn white: how, then, can your whole skin be changed? Were you not a brave man? Were you not an honorable councillor? Did you not sit at my side in this house, with a blanket before you and a pile of wampum belts on it, and help me direct the affairs of our nation? And now you despise all this. You think you have found something better. Wait! In good time you will discover how miserably you have been deceived." That time never came. He remained faithful unto death and died as a martyr at Gnaden-huetten.

To this Glickkikan replied: "You are right; I have joined the Brethren. Where they go, I will go; where they lodge, I will lodge. Nothing shall

separate me from them. Their people shall be my people, and their God my God." (De S., Page 362.) Pakanke was reconciled and soon resumed friendly relations to the mission. Zeisberger was formally adopted into the tribe of the Monseys. The Indians from Goschgoschuenk now came to the new town in the Beaver valley in droves. A larger town was soon laid out on the West side of the river where a church was built. In October John George Jungman and his wife arrived to act as assistants and Senseman returned to the East. The work prospered. On Christmas evening, 1770, Glickkikan and Gendaskund were baptized. The little flock of twenty-two persons which had come with Zeisberger from the Allegheny had grown to seventy-three.

The capital of the Delaware nation was Geckelemuenkpechuenk. Netawatwes was their chief and they lived in the valley of the Tuscarawas. Zeisberger in company with Anthony, Glickkikan and a

Mingo chief named Jeremiah made a visit to the town in March, 1771. The following description is given by De Schweinitz: "The whole party was mounted. They reached the Tuscarawas river in six days, crossed it on a raft, and rode down its northern bank to a beautiful plain, rising from the lowlands in a sudden sweep, where Nugen'Bridge now spans the stream, and extending to the hills that bound the valley. Here, amid a clearing of nearly a square mile, a little distance East of the present Newcomerstown, lay Geckelemuenkpechuenk, the capital of the Delawares, and seat of their grand council. It was a large and flourishing town of about one hundred houses, mostly built of logs. On the south side of the river were the plantations. Zeisberger was the guest of Notawatwes, whose roomy dwelling, with its shingle roof and board floors, its staircase and stone chimney, formed one of those Delaware lodges that rivaled the homesteads of the settlers." (De S., Page 366.)

In the council house of Netawatwes Zeisberger preached the first Protestant sermon in Ohio on the corruptness of human nature and the efficacy of the atonement of Jesus Christ. On his return to Friedensstatt he continued his labors with untiring zeal in spite of great opposition and the mission soon numbered one hundred converts. Zeisberger was called to Bethlehem in July, 1771, to meet a Commission of the General Mission Board in Europe, who had come to America to look into the work among the Indians. This conference, on the advice of Zeisberger, resolved that the work among the Indians of Pennsylvania should be removed to the wilds of Ohio and the work thus centralized, and concentrated. He was moved to this step by a dispute which arose concerning the land on which the missions were located, and by the evil influences exerted on converts by the white settlers. There was still considerable enmity between the Indians and whites and efforts were

continually put forth to draw the christian Indians into these warlike and bloody troubles. On this account it was deemed best to remove the missions far enough West to get out of this turbulent zone, especially since the Council of the Delawares at Geckelemuenkpechuenk had so urgently invited Zeisberger to begin mission work among them. The christian Indians agreed to this proposition and resolved to move West in the Spring.



## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE TUSCARAWAS

Early in the Spring of 1772, in company with a few converts, Zeisberger went to Geckelemuenk-pechuenk to formally accept the invitation to establish a mission there and to announce the coming of the christian Indians. He passed through the country now occupied by the towns of Zoar, Canal Dover and New Philadelphia and on the morning of March 16th arrived at a beautiful spring where he chose the site of the new town and proceeded to the capital of the nation. Netawatwes, the Delaware chief, received him kindly and made a grant of land for the new town. Three weeks later Zeisberger with five families, twenty-eight persons, left the mission on the Beaver to found the first christian town in Ohio. The country is thus described by De Schweinitz: "He (Zeisberger) was now in that valley which

was to be the scene of his greatest works and severest trials. Blooming like the rose, with its farms, its rich meadows and gorgeous orchards, it was in his day, although a wilderness, no less a land of plenty, and abounded in everything that makes the hunting grounds of the Indian attractive. It extended a distance of nearly eighty miles, inclosed on both sides by hills, at the foot of which lay wide plains terminating abruptly in bluffs, or sloping gently to the lower bottoms through which the river flowed. These plains, that now form the fruitful fields of the 'second bottoms', as they are called, were then wooded with the oak and the hickory, the ash, the chestnut, and the maple, which interlocked their branches, but stood comparatively free from the undergrowth of other forests. The river-bottoms were far wilder. Here grew walnut trees and gigantic sycamores, whose colossal trunks even now astonish the traveler; bushy cedars, luxuriant horse-chestnuts, and honey-

locusts, cased in their armor of thorns. Between these clustered laurel bushes, with their rich tribute of flowers, or were coiled the thick mazes of the vine from which more fragrant tendrils twined themselves into the nearest boughs; while here and there a lofty spruce tree lifted its evergreen brown high above the groves. These forests were generous to their children. They gave them elm bark to make canoes, the rind of the birch for medicine, and every variety of game for their food. The soil was even more liberal. It produced strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, black currants, and cranberries; nourished the plum, the cherry, the mulberry, the papaw, and the crab-tree; and yielded wild potatoes, parsnips and beans. Nor was the river chary of its gifts, but teemed with fish of unusual size and excellent flavor."

The Delaware nation then occupied the whole eastern part of the present state of Ohio. The western

part was claimed by the Shawnees and Wyandotts. Meanwhile the converts from the Susquehanna, about two hundred persons, had started westward and Zeisberger went to the Beaver to welcome them to what was to be their new home. They had made a long and perilous journey across the mountains, down the Allegheny river and up the Beaver. John Heckewelder, who afterward became the co-laborer of Zeisberger, gives the following description of this trek: "The journey was long, tedious and fatiguing, and provided a practical school of patience to the missionaries with them. Some had set out by land with the cattle; having, exclusive of horses for carrying the sick and the baggage, seventy head of horned cattle to take care of, while others took advantage of navigable rivers and streams, as far as was practicable to proceed; these having the charge of all bulky and heavy articles, such as plough-irons, harrow teeth, pick axes, all kinds of farming uten-

sils and tools, iron pots and large brass kettles, for the boiling of maple sugar &c., as also the provisions. The land travelers, however, had the most difficult part to perform. For they often had to penetrate with their cattle through incredible thickets and swamps, wading through rivers and brooks, crossing hills and mountains, enduring most tremendous thunderstorms, and exposed to the bite of the rattle snake, which in some particular places, were very numerous, and by which their horses were bitten, and died—and, above all, suffering by the bite of that most tormenting insect, the sand-fly; which in some places was so abundant, that they almost resembled a fog in the air; such in particular was one place, to which the Indians, many years before, had given the name of “Ponks Uteney,” which signifies the habitation of the sand-fly (or gnat). Not a moment’s rest was to be expected at that place, otherwise than by kindling fires throughout the

camp, and sitting in the smoke. Added to this, the travelers had unfortunately taken the measles on the journey, of which many became sick, especially of the children, several of whom died, among them a poor cripple, ten or eleven years old, who had been carried thus far in a basket by his mother on her back. Otherwise they were well supplied, game being plenty in the woods: the hunters having killed upwards of one hundred deer in the eight weeks they had been on the journey." (H., Page 120.)

The work of building the new town was pushed with all possible haste. During its building many Delawares visited the place and Zeisberger frequently laid down his ax and sat down on a log to preach the Gospel to the visitors. The mission house was completed June 9th and on the 27th the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time. The new town was called "Schoenbrunn," (The beautiful Spring). The following rules and laws were adopted for the regulation of the new colony:

“Statutes agreed upon by the christian Indians, at Languntoutenuenk and Welhik-Tuppeek, in the month of August, 1772.”

I. We will know no other God but the one only true God, who made us and all creatures, and came into this world in order to save sinners; to Him only we will pray.

II. We will rest from work on the Lord's Day, and attend public service.

III. We will honor father and mother, and when they grow old and needy we will do for them what we can.

IV. No person shall get leave to dwell with us until our teachers have given their consent, and the helpers (native assistants) have examined him.

V. We will have nothing to do with thieves, murderers, whoremongers, adulterers, or drunkards.

VI. We will not take part in dances, sacrifices, heathenish festivals, or games.

VII. We will use no tshapiet, or witchcraft in hunting.

VIII. We renounce and abhor all tricks, lies, and deceits of Satan.

IX. We will be obedient to our teachers and to the helpers who are appointed to preserve order in our meetings, in the town and fields.

X. We will not be idle, nor scold, nor beat one another, nor tell lies.

XI. Whoever injures the property of his neighbor shall make restitution.

XII. A man shall have but one wife—shall love her and provide for her and his children. A woman shall have but one husband, be obedient to him, care for her children, and be cleanly in all things.

XIII. We will not admit rum or any intoxicating liquor into our towns. If strangers or traders bring intoxicating liquor, the helpers shall take it from them and not restore it until the owners are ready to leave the place.



XIV. No one shall contract debts with traders, nor receive goods to sell for traders, unless the helpers give their consent.

XV. Whoever goes hunting, or on a journey, shall inform the ministers or stewards.

XVI. Young persons shall not marry without the consent of their parents and the minister.

XVII. Whenever the stewards or helpers appoint a time to make fences or to perform other work for the public good, we will assist and do as we are told.

XVIII. Whenever corn is needed to entertain strangers, or sugar for love-feasts, we will freely contribute from our stores.

XIX. We will not go to war, and will not buy anything of warriors taken in war."

Here was really the first republic of the West under a set of laws that surely are a model of simplicity and good common sense. In the course of a few years a whole cluster of christian towns sprang

up in the wilderness. Besides Schoenbrunn there were Gnadenhuetten, Lichtenau, and Salem. Missionary Roth had charge of the work on the Beaver and Zeisberger, Jungmann and Heckewelder labored in the Tuscarawas valley. Here in the valley of the Tuscarawas the mission reached its highest pinnacle of success. It marked the zenith of Zeisberger's missionary career. Zeisberger visited the Shawnees whose chief made the following complaint: "The whites tell us of their enlightened understanding, and the wisdom they have from heaven; at the same time, they cheat us to their heart's content. For we are all fools in their eyes, and they say among themselves, 'The Indians know nothing! The Indians understand nothing!' Because they are cunning enough to detect the weak points of our character, they think they can lead us as they will, and deceive us as they please, even while they pretend to seek our good. See them coming into our towns with

their rum! See them offering it to us with persuasive kindness! Hear them cry, 'Drink! Drink!' And when we have drunk, and act like the crazed, behold these good whites, these men of a benevolent race, standing by, pointing at us with their fingers, laughing among themselves and saying, 'Oh what fools! what great fools the Shawnees are!' But who makes them fools? Who are the cause of our madness?" (De S., Page 391.)

This shows what Zeisberger was often up against in his efforts to preach the Gospel. How often the wickedness of professing Christians has been a stumbling block in the way of the spread of the Gospel. The mission was not without its severe trials. In 1774 Dunmore's war stirred up the young braves among the Delawares. At the risk of his own life and the lives of his co-laborers Zeisberger worked hard to keep the Delawares from taking part in the bloody conflict. But, in spite of all these

disturbances, the mission prospered. The grand council of the Delawares declared for religious liberty in the following resolutions:

“1. Liberty is given to the Christian religion, which the council advises the entire nation to adopt.

2. The christian Indians and their teachers are on an absolute equality with other Delawares, all of them together constituting one people.

3. The national territory is alike the property of the christian Indians and of the native Delawares.

4. Converts only, and no other Indians, shall settle near the christian towns; such as are not converts, but are now living near such towns, shall move away.

5. In order to give more room to the christian Indians, Geckelemuenkpechuenk is to be abandoned, and a new capital founded further down the river.

6. The christian Indians are invited to build a third town.

The chapel at Schoenbrunn had a seating capacity of five hundred and yet at times it was too small to accommodate the crowds who came from far and near to hear the Word of God. The fame of these christian Indian villages went through all the Northwest. Nothing like it had ever been seen. The mission was a christian democracy, making its own laws and governed by officers of its own choice. The Indians were gradually being weaned away from the ways of savage life and were adopting christian civilization. They depended less and less on hunting, fishing and the natural products of the forest for a living and turned more and more to agriculture. Col. George Morgan, the Indian agent, stated "that he was astonished at what he had seen in our towns. That the improvements of the Indians bespoke their industry: and that the cleanliness, order, and regularity which were everywhere observable, added to their devotion, gave them a claim to be ranked

among the civilized part of mankind. That they deserved to be set up as an example to many of the whites. That to him it was now evidence that the Indians, when living by themselves and out of connection with the white people, could easily be brought to a state of civilization and become good citizens of the United States; and that he considered our mode the surest, if not the only successful method of training converts who had been brought from paganism, idleness and debauchery to a state of Christianity." (De S., Page 425.)

But a storm was brewing which threatened the utter destruction of the whole work. This storm was the American Revolution. The Colonies, driven to desperation by tyranny, were determined to throw off the yoke of England; and England was determined to hold them in subjection. The colonies did their best to prevent the Indians from taking part in this conflict and the British were untiring in their

efforts to stir up the Indians against the colonists. The western headquarters of the colonial forces were at Ft. Pitt and those of the British at Detroit. The Moravian missions of the Tuscarawas valley were between two fires. They refused to be drawn into the war and declared for neutrality. An invitation to give up their mission and live under the shadow and protection of Ft. Pitt was declined and a similar invitation from Detroit met with a like fate. Each party suspected that Zeisberger and his co-laborers were secretly in sympathy with the enemy when in reality they were neutral, being on principle opposed to war.

It was estimated that at least 3000 warriors could be mustered against the colonies from the West and had this been done there is no telling what the result would have been. It was Zeisberger's influence which kept the Delaware nation from being dragged into the war, but this very fact made him all the

more an object of suspicion to the British. Some of the missionaries left the stations and returned to Bethlehem. But Zeisberger writes: "My heart does not allow me even so much as to think of leaving. Where the christian Indians stay I will stay. It is impossible for me to forsake them. If Edwards and I were to go, they would be without a guide, and would disperse. Our presence gives authority to the national assistants and the Lord gives authority to us. He will not look upon our remaining here as foolhardiness. I make no pretensions to false heroism, but am, by nature, as timid as a dove. My trust is altogether in God. Never yet has he put me to shame, but always granted me the courage and the comfort I needed. I am about my duty; and even if I should be murdered, it will not be my loss, but my gain, for then will the fish return to his native element." (De S., Page 454.) There was the utmost excitement at the mission. No one knew what the



next day would bring. Col. Hamilton at Detroit kept stirring up the Indians and was especially enraged at Zeisberger who had so stubbornly refused to have the Delawares drawn into the war. He was known as "the hair buyer" because he paid to the Indians a bonus for every scalp of a white settler which they brought in.

In the midst of these stirring events Zeisberger, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, married. He was then already sixty years old and had devoted himself with such untiring zeal to his life-work, that of preaching the Gospel to the Indians, that he had thought little of personal comfort. He never would accept a salary for his services and was content with the coarsest kind of food; in fact, at times, he actually suffered want because there was no one to look after his domestic affairs. The woman whom he chose as a wife was Miss Susan Lecrone of Lititz, Pa. She was of Lutheran parent-

age and joined the Moravian church when her parents moved from Lancaster to Lititz. The marriage took place at the church in Lititz on June 4, 1781.

Zeisberger was often in great danger, not only on the part of the heathen Indians, but from evil disposed whites. Among these was the renegade Simon Girty. On one occasion he led a band of murderers who had been instructed to kill the missionary. Finding him, as they supposed, alone, he pointed Zeisberger out saying to his band, "That's the man. Now do as you have been told." But before they could carry out their murderous intent two young hunters from Goschachguenk sprang between them and their victim, drew their tomahawks and began to load their rifles. When the Wyandott chief saw this and noticed among the followers of Zeisberger the great chief Glickkikan, he shook his head and motioned his men to withdraw. On another occasion an Indian who was known to be an

enemy of the Gospel asked an interview with Zeisberger and greeted him in a friendly way. But suddenly drawing his tomahawk from under his blanket he sprang at Zeisberger saying: "Now you are about to see your grandfathers!" But before the dreadful weapon could do its awful work a convert sprang forward and wrenched the weapon from his hand. Zeisberger spoke to his would-be murderer in such a spirit of serious friendship that he gave up his enmity, was converted and joined the mission.

On the afternoon of August 10, 1781, a party of about 300 savages, led by Captain Elliot under the British flag, accompanied by the Indian agent McKee and the renegade Girty, came to Schoenbrunn at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They were under strict instructions to take the missionaries captive to Detroit and break up the mission. After vainly trying to persuade the christian Indians to give up their settlements and go with them to the Sandusky they

finally used force. The savages were turned loose and began to loot and steal, to destroy and ruin everything they could lay their hands on. The missionaries themselves were taken prisoners, stripped almost naked and placed under guard. Zeisberger himself gives the following account of this tragic affair: "But while he (The Monsey captain) was still talking to him (Zeisberger) there came three Wyandotts to us, laid hands on Bros. David (Zeisberger), Heckewelder and Sensemann, led them away captive and brought them first to the Delaware camp, and yelled out over us the Death Hallow. They stripped us and took away all our clothes, hastily loaded their guns, for in all this they were not without fear they would find opposition on the part of our Indians. While this was going on, the whole swarm of the other warriors rushed into the brother's house and plundered it, each man taking what he could lay hands on and snatching it away. Some of our young

men had stationed themselves in front of the house-door with tomahawks, and would not let them in, but they had to give way to the stronger party.

They showed no desire to touch Br. Edwards, who was in the house, for they were too much set on plundering, and each wished to have the most booty. Finally he went out to the house and to Br. Martin, where an Englishman met him and brought him into camp to us, where he saw we were all yet living, for as they were bringing us into camp, he heard several muskets fired one after the other, from which he concluded that already we were all dead, and so it would have happened, for they had it in mind, as we afterwards heard, unless a higher hand had ruled over us. The Delaware chiefs and captains while this was going on, had drawn aside probably from fear it might not come out well: but they were the same who had allowed themselves to be used to take us prisoners, for the Wyandotts would not have dared

to do it. Our scripture verse (for the day) was wonderful, it read: 'Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortedest me;' and the day after it was 'God will come and save you.'

"After they had stripped us we were brought into the Englishman's tent, who, indeed, as he gave out, wished to show us compassion and said it had not been intended that we should be thus treated, although there were express orders from the commandant at Detroit to bring us away by force, could it not be done by gentler means. And this was the first mention that they relied upon the governor of Detroit, hitherto they had not said so, and yet they had no such orders. But we well know that he was the originator and prime mover of the whole business. He brought it about, however, with the Indians that they gave us back some old clothes so that we were not quite naked, and brother David got an old

nightgown to put on, which had belonged to sister Sensemann; after this we were brought into the huts of the Wyandotts for safekeeping, but we were not put in bonds, as were the other captives. We had now neither blankets nor anything else to lie upon save the bare ground, unless our Indian brethren had lent us some blankets.

“After this one party of warriors went to Salem, another to Schoenbrunn. To the first place went thirty warriors; they arrived there in the night, took prisoners Brother Michael Jung and Br. Heckewelder and his wife with her child, led them out of the house and placed them in the street; they plundered the house, took away with them everything they fancied, likewise also Br. Michael Jung, and came early in the night to Gnadenhuetten crying the Death Hallow. Sister Heckewelder, however, with her child got leave to remain till the next day, whom the Indian brethren then brought in. . . .

“The Indian brethren stood quite amazed, wept aloud, and knew not what to do; some wished to make defense, others deemed it inadvisable and prevented them. They plundered not only our things but also what belonged to the church, as for instance, the love-feast and communion utensils were all taken away, and they brought the brethren together with their plunder in a canoe to Gnadenhuetten. Sister Anna Sensemann, who had been delivered of a child only three days before, had to go by night and in the mist, so that it would have been no wonder had mother and child perished, but the Savior, to whom all is possible, let not the least harm happen either to her or to her child.” (Zeisberger’s Diary, Pages 10 to 12.)

The captives started on their sad journey to the Sandusky, which is described as follows: “It was a sad journey. They were turning their backs upon the scene of more than eight years’ industry, and of



a christian communion never equaled in the history of the Indians. They were leaving behind rich plantations, with five thousand bushels of unharvested corn, large quantities of it in store, hundreds of hogs and young cattle loose in the woods, poultry of every kind, gardens stocked with an abundance of vegetables, three flourishing towns, each with a commodious house of worship, all the heaviest articles of furniture and implements of husbandry,—in short, their entire property, excepting what could be carried on pack-horses or stowed in canoes.

“But it was not the loss of earthly goods that caused Zeisberger the bitterest pangs as he looked back, for the last time, upon the settlements which his faith and energy had called into existence. Nor was it the mere removal from the Tuscarawas valley that bowed him down. He had often, before this, led the converts to new places of the wilderness and built new sanctuaries to his God. It was rather the

conviction that the fatal blow had been given to his work; that the prestige of the mission was gone; that the independence of the christian Indians had been destroyed; that under the most favorable circumstances, their influence in the West would decline, and they would themselves suffer spiritual harm. A philanthropist, in the highest sense of the word, had been rudely stopped in mid-career as he was establishing a christian nation which bade fair to hold the balance of power among the western savages, and to bring them, as docile children, from a barbarism that fiercely struggled for existence into the school of a generous civilization and common faith. Who can tell all the thoughts that crowded his mind while riding, a prisoner, down the river-bank which his feet had so often trod as a free messenger of peace?" (De S., Pages 513 and 514.)

## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE SANDUSKY

On October 1, 1781, the captives reached the Sandusky river about ten miles below the present city of Upper Sandusky. They were deserted and left to their fate in a wilderness that was almost stripped of game. They at once set about building a town of cabins. It was near the junction of the Broadsword creek with the Sandusky river in Antrim Township, Wyandott County, and was called Captives Town. The missionaries suffered for want of clothing and food. Their cattle were also starving and the agent McKee offered to buy them at a ridiculously low price.

In the midst of their distress the missionaries and their families were summoned to Detroit for investigation. They were ready to go but refused to take their families with them. Zeisberger, Senseman,

Edwards and Heckewelder, with three national assistants, set out on the journey through the dismal "Black Swamp." At last they reached the Rouge river, only five miles from Detroit. Almost frozen, and weak with hunger and fatigue they passed the night on its banks, without even a fire, until the next morning an Indian took them across in his canoe. When they reached the British fort the following examination took place:

"Are you the Moravian missionaries from the Muskingum?" began the commandant.

"We are."

"Are you all here? I have heard that there are six of you. Where are the rest?"

"Two of our number remained on the Sandusky with our wives and children, whom we could not leave alone."

"Why did you not bring along your wives and children, as I expressly ordered? I intend to send you

all back to Philadelphia.”

“We asked the chiefs whether our families must accompany us, and they said it was not necessary.”

“I have heard that you correspond with the rebels to the injury of this government; many accusations have been brought against you; for these reasons I have had you removed from your settlements on the Muskingum.”

“We do not doubt that many accusations have been brought against us; the treatment we have received sufficiently proves that. But we know that you have been told much that is false, and which, when examined into, will appear in a light very different from that in which you have been made to see it.”

“Where are your Indians? What is their number? How many of them are men?”

“Our Indians are on the Sandusky, numbering about four hundred persons. The exact number of men we cannot give.”

"Did your Indians ever go to war?"

"Never, while under our charge."

"Do you intend to return to them?"

"That is our earnest desire. We would deeply regret, and it would be wholly unjustifiable, if we were prevented from rejoining them. In that case the mission would be ruined and the work of the Moravian Brethren among the Indians, which has now existed forty years, would come to an end."

"Do you think so? But what if your Indians injure our government?"

"They will not injure the British or any other government, as you will understand when you know them and us better; they are civilized, and have learned of us to be industrious and work." (De S., Page 521.)

The case was then postponed until the Indian chief, Captain Pipe, should be present to face the missionaries. Zeisberger writes: "How sad it is

to know that our fate depends on a savage, and he a bitter enemy of the Gospel, when we are among persons who call themselves Christians." (De S., Page 523.) On the 8th of December the captain came, and the trial was continued. Colonel De Peyster, who had succeeded the "hair buyer," Colonel Hamilton, rendered the following verdict: "To the missionaries he said that he was not opposed to the preaching of the Gospel among the Indians, on the contrary, heartily favored it; but that they must not meddle with the war; that having been falsely accused, they were at liberty to return to their converts as soon as they pleased; that he would consult the commander-in-chief at Quebec in regard to their future place of residence; that he would further confer with them; and that, as they had been plundered, he would supply them with clothing from the public stores." (De S., Page 527.) Subsequently he apologized to the missionaries for what

they had suffered, claiming that he had never been opposed to the preaching of the Gospel among the Indians and only had them removed from the Tuscarawas for political reasons and that it never was his intention that they should be plundered and maltreated.

Zeisberger and his associates hastened back to their families on the Sandusky and reported their experiences. A church was now erected, as this was always one of the first buildings put up when they founded a new town. It was an awful Winter. Food was so scarce that a bushel of corn sold for eight dollars. Allowances were cut down to a pint of corn a day for each individual. The Indians lived on wild potatoes and the flesh of cattle which had died for lack of food.

In the midst of all this distress the missionaries at the instigation of Simon Girty were summoned a second time to Detroit. This summons was a shock to



Zeisberger and his companions. He writes: "We can not be satisfied to leave our Indians. It seems impossible that the Lord will permit it. If we were to be slain it would be better, we would then be relieved, at last, of all our troubles; but now we seem to be reserved for many deaths. Our thoughts stand still, our councils come to naught." (De S., Page 534.) How the christian Indians felt about it we see from the following expression of one of them: "That I have lost all my property and am poor, that my cattle are dead, that I must suffer hunger—all this I bear and I complain not; but that our enemies are about to deprive us of our teachers, and keep food from our souls—this I can not bear, it deeply wounds my heart. They shall, however, see that I will have no communion with them, and will not be enticed back to heathenism. They shall not get me into their power, or force me to grieve the Savior. Rather will I flee to the forest and miserably eke out my life alone." (De S., Page 534.)

In what spirit the missionaries left to obey this summons is evident from what Heckewelder writes: "With the morning of the 15th, the day appointed for our departure, our conductor, Mr. Levallie, arrived. Once more, however, we assembled together in the chapel, where our worthy brother Zeisberger, as a tender father, exhorted the brethren and sisters, to cleave close to the Lord, as they were now to be separated from their teachers. He kneeled down with the congregation, giving thanks to the Lord, for all the spiritual blessings received at his hand, praying fervently for them, and that they might be preserved in the faith, and in the pure and saving doctrine of Jesus Christ, and his atonement, till we should see each other again, either here below, or before the throne of the Lamb. After this we parted." (H., Page 310.)

Driven by dire famine a company of christian Indians from Captives Town went to their former

homes on the Tuscarawas to gather in some of the corn which they had left standing on the fields when they were forced to leave. What befel this little company, Heckewelder, Zeisberger's companion, may tell us: "On the day our Indians were binding up their packs, intending to set off on the next morning, a party, of between one and two hundred white people, from the Ohio settlements, made their appearance at Gnadenhuetten. They had already, when within a mile of the place, met with Joseph Shabosh, son of our brother Shabosh, (while he was catching the horses) and murdered him in a most cruel manner, notwithstanding his telling them who he was, and that he was a white man's son, and begging them to spare his life. Jacob, brother-in-law to young Shabosh, whilst tying up his corn sacks, on the bank, at the sweathouse, and about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, and thirty from the river, was the first person who saw the party com-

ing on, between himself and the river, and so near him that (as he expressed himself) he might have seen the black in their eyes, had they looked in the direction where he was standing. He even knew some of the men of the party, to be the same, who had taken the christian Indians from Schoenbrun in the last Fall, and among whom both he and young Shabosh were, and believing the good Captain Biggs to be again among them, he was about to hail them, when to his astonishment, they at that instant shot at one of the brethren who was just crossing the river in a canoe, to go to the cornfield, and who dropped down at the shot, Jacob supposed him to be killed. Seeing this act of theirs, he fled precipitately, and before they had turned their faces the way he was, he was out of sight. Jacob might have been the means of saving many lives, especially at Salem, where his old father was; but not having the presence of mind, he ran several miles the contrary

way, and hid himself for a day and a night.

“The murdering party, seeing most of the Indians scattered over the corn field at work, (or preparing for the journey) hailed them, as their “friends and brothers, who had purposely come out to relieve them, from the distress brought on them by the enemy, on account of their being friends to the American people.” The christian Indians, not in the least doubting their sincerity, walked up to them, and thanked them, for being so kind, while the whites again gave assurances that they would meet with good treatment from them. They then advised them to discontinue their work, and cross over to the town, in order to make the necessary arrangements for the journey, as they intended taking them out of the reach of their enemies, and where they would be supplied abundantly with all they stood in need of: all which was pleasing to them to hear. Meanwhile a national assistant, John Martin, went to Sa-

lem to inform the brethren there of what had taken place at Gnadenhuetten, then the account goes on to say:

“The language of the white people, being the same at Salem as at Gnadenhuetten, the brethren and sisters were easily persuaded to go with them; especially as many of them professed to be very religious, admiring their fine and spacious place of worship, and discoursing constantly on religion, both here and on the way to Gnadenhuetten; frequently saying to the Indians: ‘you are indeed good Christians!’ and made use of the same language to one another in their hearing. Some of them, on leaving Salem, set fire to the houses and the church, which was disapproved by our Indians; they, however, pretended that they meant no harm, but had merely done it to deprive the enemy of a harboring place.

“Arriving at the river bank opposite Gnadenhuetten their eyes began to open; but it was now too late.

They discovered a spot in the sand, where to appearance, a wounded Indian had been weltering in his blood, and near this, marks of blood on the canoe. Poor creatures! being disarmed, as they, with those at Gnadenhuetten, had freely given up their guns, axes, and knives to those who had solemnly promised, that on their arrival at Pittsburg, all should be returned to them again. But had they even been in possession of their arms, they could not conscientiously, and probably would not have attempted to resort to these in their defence. Being taken over to the town, O how the prospect was changed! The language now used was the reverse of what it had been at Salem, and on the road hither. The Gnadenhuetten brethren, sisters and children, were already confined for the purpose of being put to death. They were no longer called Christians as before, but warriors!—the same language was also used with the Salem Indians,—all were declared enemies and war-

riors, and all they could offer in their defence was of no avail. They were further told: 'that the horses found with them, had been stolen from white people, they being branded with letters, with which Indians were unacquainted; that the axes found with them, had the names of white people stamped upon them. Pewter basins and spoons were stolen property; the Indians making use of wooden bowls and spoons. Tea-kettles, pots, cups and saucers, were also declared stolen property. In short everything they possessed was said to have been taken from the white people whilst at war with them; and to this they would swear.

"How must these poor creatures have felt, knowing their innocence! They could have given a satisfactory account of every article found in their possession, where, and from what trader or mechanic they had purchased it. As for the branding irons, it was common among them, to get these made by



the smiths, with the initials of their names, to enable them to know the horses and colts belonging to each other. But, many of these accusers knew well, that the christian Indians were becoming an agricultural people—were making use of the plough, raised large crops, and lived chiefly by the produce of the field and the cattle they raised. . . .

“Finding that all entreaties to save their lives was to no purpose—and that some, more bloodthirsty than their comrades, were anxious to begin upon them, they united in begging a short delay, that they might prepare themselves for death—which request at length was granted them. Then asking pardon for whatever offence they had given, or grief they had occasioned to each other, they kneeled down, offering fervent prayers to God their Savior—and kissing one another, under a flood of tears fully resigned to His will, they sang praises unto Him in the joyful hope, that they would soon be relieved from

all pains, and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss.

“During the time of their devotion the murderers were consulting on the manner in which they would be put to death. Some were for setting fire to the houses they were in, and burning them alive. Others wanted to take their scalps home with them, as a signal of victory; while others remonstrated against either of these plans, declaring that they never would be guilty of murdering a people whose innocence was so satisfactorily evinced, and these proposed to set them at liberty, or, if they would not do that, at least to take them as prisoners, and deliver them up to the proper authority, but finding that they could not prevail on these monsters to spare their lives, they wrung their hands—calling God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of these harmless christian Indians, they withdrew to some distance from the scene of slaughter.

“The murderers, impatient to make a beginning, came again to them, while they were singing, and inquiring whether they were now ready for dying, they answered in the affirmative; adding, that ‘they had commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts that he would receive their souls.’ One of the party now taking up a coopers mallet, which lay in the house (the owner being a cooper) saying ‘how exactly this will answer for the business,’ he began, with Abraham, and continued knocking down one after the other, until he had counted fourteen, that he had killed with his own hands. He now handed the instrument to one of his fellow murders, saying, ‘my arm fails me! go on in the same way! I think I have done pretty well.’ In another house, where mostly men and women and children were confined, Judith, a remarkably pious aged widow, was the first victim. After they had finished the horrid

deed, they retreated a small distance from the slaughterhouses, but after a while returning again to view the dead bodies, and finding one of them, (Abel), although scalped and mangled, attempting to raise himself from the floor, they renewed their blows upon him that he never rose again; then having set fire to the houses they went off shouting and yelling, on having been so victorious.

“The number of christian Indians murdered by these miscreants exceeded ninety; all of whom except four, were killed in the slaughter houses. . . .

“Of the above number sixty-two were grown persons, one-third of them women, the remaining thirty-four were children. . . .

“Two youths, each of them about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who were shut up with the rest in the houses where the murders were committed, most miraculously escaped. The one (Thomas) thrown in the house where most of the men were, was knocked

down and scalped with the rest; but after a while recovering, and looking around he saw Abel, also scalped and with blood running down his face, supporting himself with his hands against the floor in order to rise. With great presence of mind he quickly laid himself down again, as if he was dead, thinking that perhaps some of the murderers might return again, to examine if all were really dead; scarcely had he lain a minute or two, when several men did come, who seeing Abel in this situation chopped his head with their hatchets, to prevent his rising again, and having done this, they went off to inform their comrades of the circumstance, as the lad thought. Believing this the proper time for him to attempt an escape he crept over the dead bodies to the door, still keeping himself in a posture to be able to deceive them a second time, should they come again, when neither seeing or hearing anybody coming, and it beginning to be dusk, he quickly got out

of the door and went to the back side of the house, where he hid himself until it was quite dark, when he escaped, taking a course through the woods for the path leading to Sandusky." (H., Page 313 and following.)

Surely this is one of the blackest pages in American history. It is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of any white man when he hears of such horrid atrocities being perpetrated by men of his own race on innocent and unoffending men, women and even children who had left the ways of their bloodthirsty ancestors and were following the Prince of peace. Is it a wonder that such cruelties called for revenge on the part of the heathen Indians? The cruel burning at the stake, of Colonel Crawford, the personal friend of General Washington, was a direct act of retaliation for this awful massacre of their christian kinsmen at Gnadenhuetten.

The horrible news of what had happened in the Tuscarawas valley reached Zeisberger and his companions while they were at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, waiting for a boat that should convey them to Detroit. Imagine what a shock it must have been to the missionaries. They gathered at the home of Mr. Arundle and read the burial service in memory of the dead.

The christian Indians at Captives Town for a while, deprived of their teachers, kept up their daily devotions, but many were dispersed. Zeisberger utters this wail of anguish under the smart of separation from them: "Where shall we find a retreat, if only a little spot of earth whither we may flee with our Indians? The world is not wide enough. From the whites who call themselves Christians, we can hope for no protection; among the heathens we no longer have any friends. We are outlaws! But the Lord reigneth. He will not forsake us. I believe

that he is punishing us for our sins, but will afterward, in his own time, he will stop the mouth of our enemies, who mock us and say: 'Where is now their God? Let us see whether he of whom they preach, and upon whom they depend will protect them. Let us see whether their God is stronger than our god'."

The missionaries arrived in Detroit and Col. DePeyster welcomed them. He explained their removal in the following manner: "Hence, Mr. Zeisberger, you see that I was compelled to have you conveyed hither. Your own personal safety demanded it. I did it most reluctantly, but there was no alternative. You may now either stay here or go to Bethlehem, as you may deem best. While you remain at this post, I will provide for all your wants." (De S., Page 561.) The missionaries resolved to revive the mission, and to locate among the Chippawas on the Huron river, about thirty miles above Detroit. On the Sandusky they were in great danger of being



murdered by the heathen Indians, and this really was the reason why Col. DePeyster ordered their removal.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AMONG THE CHIPAWAS

Messengers were at once sent out inviting the christian Indians at Captives Town, some of whom had fled to the Scioto and others to the Maumee, to join their teachers at the new settlement above Detroit. And although every effort was made by the heathens, both Indians and whites, to dissuade them from doing this yet on July 20, 1782, Zeisberger, Jungman, Edwards and Young set out from Detroit for the new settlement with nineteen christian Indians. Heckewelder and Senseman remained in Detroit to look after the interests of the mission and receive the stragglers who would arrive from time to time. The new town was called Gnadenhuetten. Many of the converts who accepted the invitation to join their teachers had to leave secretly under cover of night, as the heathen Indians tried in every pos-

sible way to keep them from doing so. During their sojourn in Detroit the missionaries preached frequently and baptized several children, and this was appreciated very much by many of the white settlers, there being not a single Protestant clergyman in Detroit at the time.

On September 21st Holy Communion was celebrated for the first time and on November 5th the new church was consecrated in the presence of fifty-three christian Indians. Col. DePeyster, the English commandant at the fort, liberally supplied the mission with food. They built log cabins and in the Spring made great quantities of maple sugar. This, together with canoes, baskets, bowls and ladles as also venison and skins they exchanged in the French Canadian settlements and at Detroit for clothing. The christian Indians kept drifting in, on one occasion forty-three coming in a body. They planted much corn, but unfortunately not knowing any bet-

ter it was not an early variety and it was killed by the frost before it ripened. The town grew and was the admiration of visitors from Detroit. Never had they seen such thrift among Indians.

But the Chipawas who laid claim to the land on which the mission was located were not so well pleased with the new enterprise. They were jealous of their lands and hunting grounds and more and more began to assume a threatening attitude. News now reached the missionaries that the Congress of the United States had set aside a tract of land on the Muskingum river in Ohio, the place where they had lived so happily and of which they had been so unjustly deprived, and from which they had been so cruelly driven, as their permanent home. This they should occupy as soon as the surveyer general could fix the boundaries of the tract. The Chipawas became more and more insistent that the christian Indians should vacate their lands. The relation be-

tween whites and Indians having become more and more strained on account of several murders which had been committed it was resolved to move back to Ohio and on April 20, 1786, the Christians met for the last time in the chapel and set out for Detroit, having sold their improvements to Detroit merchants for \$400. The converts were able honestly to discharge all debts which they had contracted during the severe Winter and the first years of the settlement. Heckewelder says: "It was truly pleasing, to hear the merchants and other citizens of the place, speak respectfully of our Indians, calling them an orderly, industrious, honest and christian people, and declaring themselves sorry to see them depart."

On the 28th they set sail in two boats, the "Beaver" and the "Mackinaw," for the Cuyahoga on the south side of Lake Erie, where Cleveland is now located. The voyage which, under ordinary circumstances, should have occupied but a few days, proved to be

long and dangerous. They got as far as Bas Island at dusk the second day. But there they encountered such contrary winds and storms that they were held up for four weeks. At last all the baggage and a few of the people were transferred to the Mackenaw and the rest landed on the shore of Lake Erie at Rocky Point. Here the Indians caught an abundance of fish. Heckewelder describes the fishing as follows: "The fish lay so crowded together, that they were easily taken, by a kind of scoop net, made of a piece of linen, fixed between a pole with a wide spreading fork. Some even made use of the shirts from their backs, tying up the collar and sleeves, while the shirt tail was fastened to a hoop, made of a piece of grape vine; when by dipping, or drawing it under the fish, they would seldom fail of taking several at a time; and as quick as the fish were taken to shore, the women cleaned and dried them on scaffolds, over fire, made for the purpose."

At last after great difficulties they arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The season being too far advanced to attempt to reach the Muskingum and plant in time for the crop to mature, it was resolved to stay here for a year.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE WANDERER

Zeisberger's intention was to enter the tract of land set apart by Congress in the Tuscarawas valley as soon as that was possible, but for the Summer the pilgrims had to remain on the Cuyahoga and raise a crop of corn, as the season for planting was at its height when they arrived, after their long journey from above Detroit. Without food it would have been impossible for them to exist in the new settlement during the Winter. So they built cabins, forming a town which they called "Pilgerruh" (The Pilgrim's rest) intending to move to the Tuscarawas after the corn was harvested. It was fortunate they did not proceed to their final destination at once. The feeling between the whites and Indians was such that the lives of the missionaries and their converts would have been in imminent danger had they carried out their intention.



Zeisberger could not forget his scattered converts, many of whom were wandering about among their heathen kinsmen and were in danger of making shipwreck concerning faith. He addressed the following letter to them and sent it out by special messengers:

“To all our scattered Brethren, this our Salutation:

We have not forgotten you. We think of you constantly, and wish that you could again be in fellowship with us, believing that you, on your part, have not forgotten the Word of God which we have taught you. Hence we desire to know your mind as to how you may again be brought to hear this Word and experience its divine influences. To this end we invite some of your understanding men to visit us, that we may consult with them. Do not cast away your confidence, or give up your hope; do not imagine that this effort to reclaim you will be in vain, that you have strayed too far away, and sinned too grievously.

ously, to be gathered again as a congregation of the Lord. Do not say, 'The Savior and the Brethren have cast us off!' Take courage. Turn to the Savior, who is merciful and gracious, full of compassion and truth, and who will forgive your sins. As for us, we do not seek an opportunity to reprove you. We ask you to hold a conference with us, that we may, together, determine how to relieve you from your present unhappy mode of life, and to bring you back to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood was shed for the worst of sinners."

How this message was received appears from a conversation between Samuel and his brother: "By the waters of the Tuscarawas," said the latter, "the whites gained the end for which they strove so long. There lie all our many murdered friends. I avoid the whites and flee from them. No man shall induce me to trust them again. Never, while I live, will I unite with you Christians. If your town were near,

I might, perhaps, visit you; but that would be all. Our forefathers went to the devil, as you say, and where they are I am content hereafter to be." To this Samuel replied: "I have heard your views, hear mine. Nothing shall bring me from the Savior and his Church—nothing while I live; neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword. None of these things move me. To be in communion with Jesus Christ and save my soul is all I want. And, while I abide in him, my salvation is certain. It cannot be taken from me." (De S., Page 595.)

Zeisberger intended taking up the land which Congress had granted and was encouraged to do so by the following letter received from General Joseph Harmar:

"Ft. Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum, December 6, 1786.

"Brothers:

"The Honorable Congress have been pleased to pass the enclosed resolve in your favor. I have directed that the corn, and other articles shall be sent down to this post, where they will be ready to be delivered to you. In obedience to the orders of Congress, I have to inform you that that honorable body are well pleased to hear of your arrival, and have granted you permission to return to your former settlements on the Muskingum, where you may be assured of the friendship and protection of the United States.

"I should wish to know the names of the principle men who have the direction of your affairs and shall be happy in rendering you every assistance in my power.

"I am, brothers, your friend,

"JOS. HARMAR,

"Lt.-Col. Com'd. of the troops in the service of the U. S.

"To the Moravian Indians at or near Cuyahoga."

But after mature deliberation and a second letter from the general, warning him of the dangers which threatened such a move, and a threatening letter from the Indians, Zeisberger determined to postpone the move. As the wanderers could not remain where they were they set out April 19, 1787, in search of a new home. But they drifted about until they founded New Salem on the Huron River. It was located in Milan Township, Erie County, O. The mission again prospered. New Salem grew to be a christian town of considerable size and influence. Both materially and spiritually the blessing of God rested upon the work, and Zeisberger showed his old-time zeal for the upbuilding of Zion. Here it was that John Joseph Schebosh died. He was one of the pillars of the Indian Church and a real example of the regenerating power of the Gospel. Zeisberger says of him: "He was always ready to serve his fellow-men, whether whites or Indians. He bore

his cross with patience. He seldom knew of easy days or the comforts of life, but he never complained, not even when suffering the severest hardships and enduring dire famine. He loved his neighbors and his neighbors loved him. Of this his last illness was an evidence. The Indians vied one with another in ministering to his wants, and watched at his bedside, singing hymns. He will be missed among us. But his labors of love will remain in blessed memory. He is at rest, in peace and happiness. We rejoice over his lot, but weep that he is gone." (De S., Page 605.)

The unsettled condition of the country and the outbreak of fresh hostilities at last induced Zeisberger to seek a refuge in Canada. In March, 1791, the mission started in thirty canoes from Sandusky which had been appointed as a place of rendezvous. On the third of May they reached the mouth of the Detroit river. Here they settled on land owned by

McKee and Elliot and called the town "Warte," the watch tower. It was situated opposite the village of Wyandott.

Meanwhile there was war in Ohio. General St. Clair was defeated at the headwaters of the Wabash, in Mercer County. Though far removed from the seat of these bloody transactions, yet the mission was more or less disturbed by war parties passing to and fro. To avoid this, Zeisberger resolved to move again. This time he went up the Detroit river and passed into Lake St. Claire to the mouth of the Thames river. Here he founded the town of Fairfield in Canada. The government gave the mission a whole township of land, twelve miles long and six miles wide, and again the mission flourished. It was here that Abraham, one of the pioneer converts died. De Schweinitz says of this man: "Besotted, fierce and cruel as a heathen he was consistent, bold, and faithful as a Christian. He had led a holy life

ever since his Baptism at Friedenshuetten in 1765, preaching the Gospel with eloquence and power, helping Zeisberger to establish the stations on the Allegheny and in Ohio, and filling the office of Steward to the mission until his death." (De S., Page 629.)

Meanwhile the Americans set about to regain what they had lost under St. Clair. General Anthony Wayne led an expedition into the Indian country. He built Ft. Recovery near the battlefield where St. Clair had been defeated. This was attacked by the savages under British aid but the attack met with a terrible repulse June 13, 1794. Following up his victory he led his forces to the head of the Maumee rapids and there on August 20th dealt the enemy a stunning blow from which they never recovered. "Mad Anthony" Wayne's decisive victory led to the treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1796, on the basis of which hostilities came to an end. The border war



was over. The Indians had lost out for good and the whole eastern and southern portion of Ohio fell into the hands of the United States, and was opened to settlement without fear of molestation from the Indians.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AT REST

After the treaty of Greenville, Congress renewed its grant of land in the Tuscarawas valley to the Moravian Indians June 1, 1796. The tract was finally surveyed in the following Spring, Heckewelder being one of the surveying party. When the party arrived at the site of Gnadenhuetten it was a wilderness, to which they set fire. After the fire had done its work there lay the bones of their murdered brethren to which they gave christian burial.

In the Spring of 1798 arrangements were made to remove the mission from Fairfield, Canada, to the Gnadenhuetten tract in Ohio. May 31st Heckewelder led an advance party to what was to be the future home of the mission. And in August, Zeisberger leading a second company followed. Before leaving, Mortimer, one of Zeisberger's assistants, de-

livered the following address: "For a number of years you have constituted one body, as you moved from place to place. Now a part of you are to begin a settlement in your old home, that the Gospel may spread among your countrymen. Your beloved father, David Zeisberger, will likewise go to the Tuscarawas. He has preached to you the whole council of God; he has faithfully made known to you the way of salvation; he has baptized the most of you into the death of Jesus; he has consecrated his whole life to your service, gone with you where you went, and endured with you what you suffered. Love to the Savior and to your souls prompted him to do all this. His sharpest reproofs were for your good. That some of you have become faithless has caused him many a sleepless night of sorrow and of prayer. He yearns over you all; and his heart's desire before God is that you may all know, love, and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Those of you who remain here

will see the face of this, your faithful teacher and venerable father, no more. But, although you be bodily separated, remain united, I beseech you, in the glorious communion of saints. In that communion we will intercede for each other, and by the grace of God continue true to our baptismal vows.” (De S., Page 649.)

The pilgrims passed Detroit which had grown to be a town of 2000 inhabitants and was now in the possession of the United States. They reached Sandusky bay on the first of September, 1798. Coasting along the shore of Lake Erie they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga, up which they passed and then crossed the portage between the Cuyahoga and the Tuscarawas. After a voyage of nine days on the placid waters of the latter, they landed October 4th on the site of old Schoenbrun after a journey of fifty-one days.

Near the present town of New Philadelphia Zeis-

berger located his last mission calling it Goshen. A mission house and church were constructed and the work was resumed with new renewed vigor. Again the Gospel proved itself the power of God unto salvation. But there were many hindrances. One was the sale of intoxicants to the Indians. Zeisberger and his associates sent a memorial to Governor St. Clair October 28, 1798, asking that they and their successors be legally authorized, "in such manner as to his wisdom might best seem meet, to prevent any spirituous liquors from being offered for sale or barter, or used as an enticement to trade, in any town or settlement of Indians that might be under their direction within the limits of his jurisdiction." In consequence of this memorial the territorial legislature passed a law in conformity with the wishes of the missionaries.

Zeisberger carried on his work with the vigor of youth in spite of his advanced age. As the whole

reservation could not be used for mission purposes part of the tract was leased to white settlers. But there were sad experiences in store for the aged servant of the Lord, as he approached the end of his earthly career. The influence of white settlers on his converts was not the best. Drunkenness began to increase. During Passion week of 1805 most of the converts were intoxicated. A gang of thieves and desperados infested Goshen. These sad experiences began to tell on Zeisberger's health. He longed to be at rest. But the hand of the Lord was with him. Awaking one morning he found that during the night a great ratlesnake had coiled around the pillow on which his head had rested.

His health began to fail more and more. Both sight and hearing were impaired, so that he could neither read nor write. His literary labors were finished. Chief among these were his Delaware hymn book, a translation of a harmony of the Gospels, and

a Delaware grammar and spelling book, a German-Onandaga Dictionary, an Onandaga grammar, and sermons in the Delaware language. Many of these are in manuscript and are preserved in the library of Harvard University.

His last days were clouded with sadness by the drunkenness and debauchery of those who should by their christian walk have been a comfort to him in his old age. Up to the last he testified against these vices and admonished the people to repentance. In October he fell seriously ill. Rev. Espich, a Lutheran clergyman from New Philadelphia, who also had some knowledge of medicine, ministered to him, during his illness. On October 29th he received the Lord's Supper and was ready to die. The only thing that worried him was the spiritual state of the mission. On the following day he said to Mortimer: "As my weakness is continually increasing and my appetite gone, I believe that the Savior intends to

take me to himself. Lying here, often sleepless, on my bed, I have employed the time in reviewing my whole past life, and find so many faults, and so much cause for forgiveness, that nothing remains to me but his grace. Nevertheless, I know that I am his. I trust in the efficacy of his atoning blood, which makes one clean from all sin. The Savior is mine. The Savior's merits are mine. Some Christians die rejoicing, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This is not my case. I leave the world as a poor sinner. My spirit God will receive. I am certain of that. This mortal with all its sinfulness, I leave behind." (De S., Page 671.)

On November 12th he was taken with cramps and suffered intensely. The following day the whole mission family was called to his bedside. Toward midnight he seemed to be dying. But the end was not yet. He lingered a few days longer. Among his last words were these: "Lord Jesus, I beseech



thee, come and take my spirit to thyself." And again: "Thou hast never forsaken me in any of the severe trials of my life, thou wilt not forsake me now." His end is thus described by his biographer: "On the seventeenth, Heckewelder came from Gnadenuetten and Mueller from Beersheba, to see him once more. He expressed his satisfaction by signs, but could not speak. Soon after they had taken leave of him, the hour of dissolution drew near. The chapel bell was tolled. At that signal, all the adult Indians of Goshen silently entered, and surrounded the couch, which had been moved to the center of the room, and close by which his wife and Mortimer were sitting. At the open door were several Indian boys, and among them Samuel Frey, the son of a white settler. Zeisberger lay calm, without pain, and perfectly conscious. The converts sang hymns of Jesus, the Prince of Life, of death swallowed up in victory, and of Jerusalem the Church above. He occasionally responded by signs expressive of his joy and peace.

Amid such strains at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, he breathed his last, without a struggle and went to God. All present immediately fell upon their knees. The Indians sobbed aloud, and Mortimer with much emotion thanked the Lord that he had delivered his servant from death, and that he had blessed his testimony while living, to the conversion of so many souls among the aborigines of America, beseeching him to strengthen the converts that remained, so that they might follow their father's footsteps and meet him in heaven. Zeisberger's age was eighty-seven years and seven months. (De S., Page 673.)

On Sunday, November 20th, his remains were laid to rest. Mortimer preached the funeral sermon which was translated into Delaware. His text was: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of the testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death." Rev. 12, 11. Mueller

preached in German, basing his words on Prov. 10, 7. "The memory of the just is blessed." He was buried on the Goshen burial ground. A marble slab was erected over his grave with the following inscription:

DAVID ZEISBERGER,

who was born 11 April, 1721, in Moravia, and departed this life 17 Nov., 1808, aged 87 years, 7 months and 6 days. This faithful servant of the Lord labored among the American Indians as Missionary during the last 60 years of his life."

Let us close this story with the eulogy which his biographer, De Schweinitz, gives in the following words: "The traveler, descending Goshen Hill, who turns into this wayside cemetery, to read its tombstones, and finds Zeisberger's resting place, stands by the grave of a hero. While the chronicles of America magnify the men who wielded the sword and were great in war, or swayed her councils and earned il-

lustrious names under the dome of her capital, the church of God enshrines the memory of this humble missionary of the Cross, who for twelve more years than half a century, used the sword of the Spirit, wrestled against principalities and powers of evil where spiritual wickedness reigned in high places, and fulfilled all the biblical conditions of heroism, watching, standing fast in the faith, quitting himself like a man, being strong. And when national annals shall belong to that past from which shall proceed no more influences, when statesmen and men of war shall be forgotten amid the glory of the saints, he shall be one of those who, having turned many to righteousness, shall shine "as the stars forever and ever." (De S., Page 685.)





11 362 366

BV  
2779  
.Z3S3

1511093

Schih

David Zeisberger...

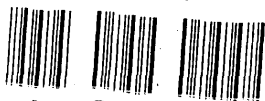
*Ed. G. Waring* *Y. 2*  
*R. Leebhard* *O. T. S.*

BV 2779  
Z353

1511093

THE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY



11 362 366